



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

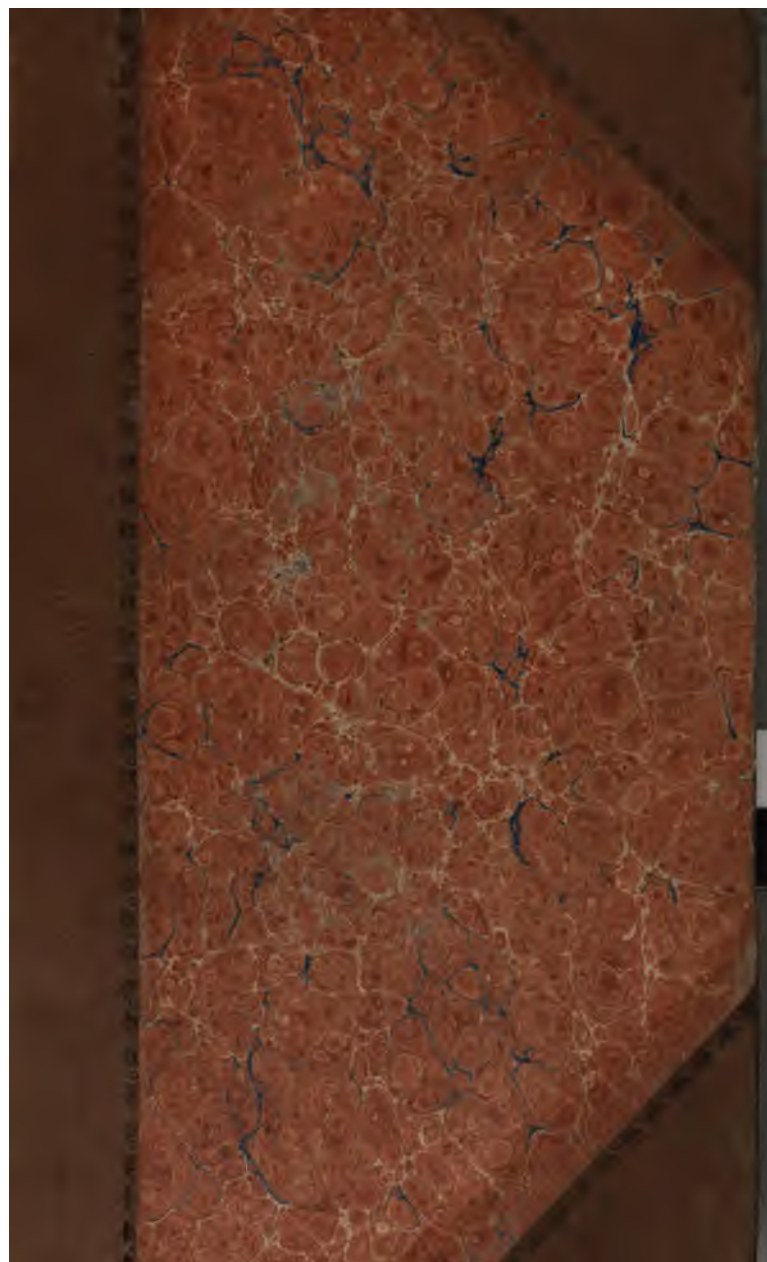
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



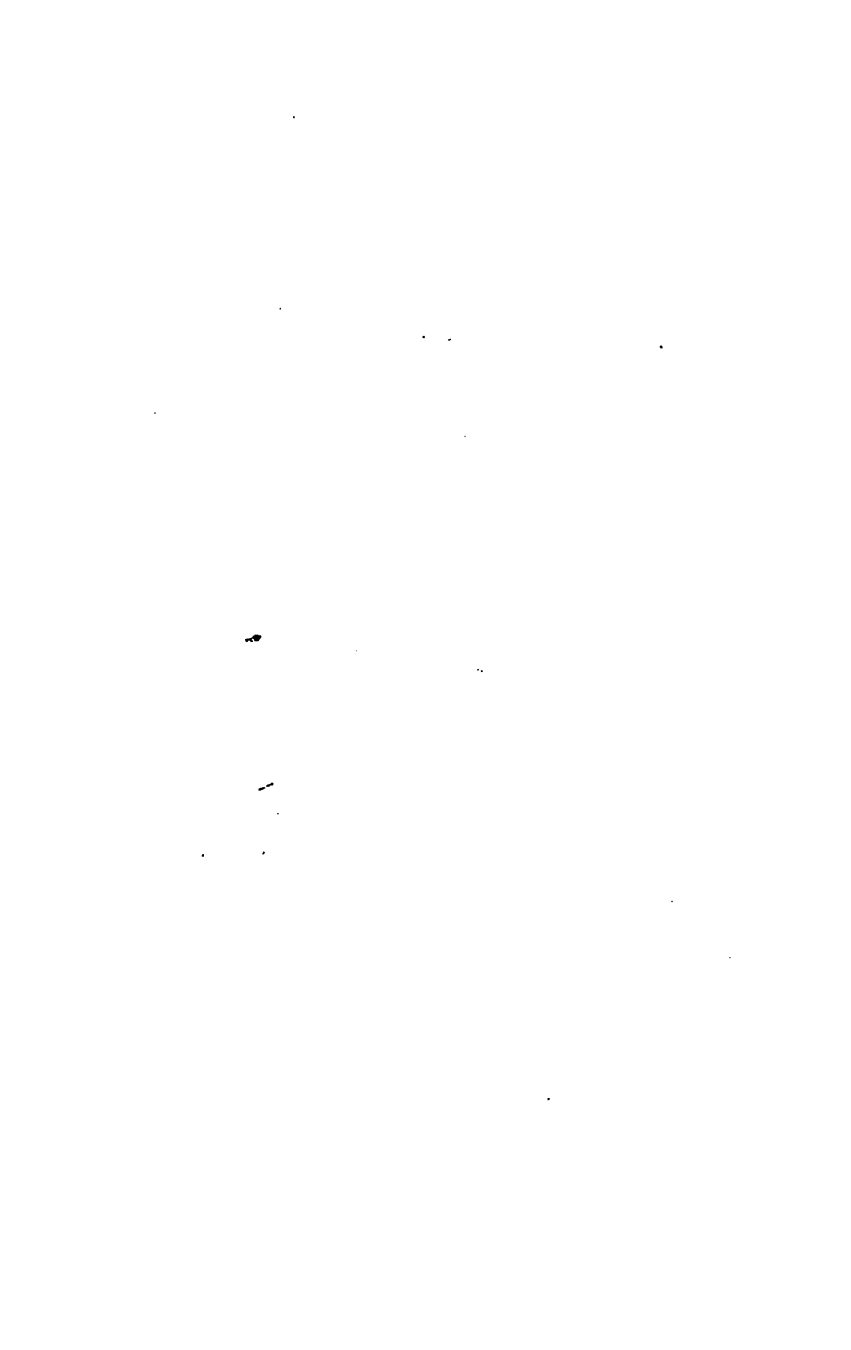
2805 f. 457















171208 - 1800.000.000.000





THE  
JUVENILE  
POETICAL LIBRARY;

SELECTED FROM  
THE WORKS OF MODERN BRITISH POETS,

*For the Use of Young Persons*

FROM THE AGE OF TWELVE YEARS.

EDITED BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

AND ILLUSTRATED BY NINE HIGHLY FINISHED  
LINE ENGRAVINGS.



---

LONDON:  
LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1839.

It may in some instances occur to parents familiar with the mines from which these samples of ore have been obtained, that the richest specimen may not, in every instance, have been chosen ; but, as the aim of the Editor has been less to exhibit her own taste, than to adapt her volume to the minds of young readers, she has preferred, for the most part, such pieces as have embodied some striking incident, or presented some graphic description, calculated to attract and impress the mind of the class for whose perusal they are designed. The poems of mere sentiment in this little volume will be found to be few ; not because such poems are not duly estimated by the Editor, but because a greater maturity of mind is required to appreciate such efforts, than is to be expected from juvenile readers. To how many adults, of even mature age, have the works of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope been rendered repulsive, by the association of ideas connected with the labour of having had to learn abstruse and difficult passages from their works, before they were able to appreciate their beauties ; and, on the contrary, how many owe their introduction to the immortal works of Cowper, to the pleasant reminiscence of the delight afforded them, in their earliest years, by the “ Diverting History of John Gilpin ! ” On this principle, the Editor

may, perhaps, venture to hope, that "Abba Thule's Lament" of Bowles, the "Casabianca" of Mrs. Hemans, and other poems of a similar character in this little volume, may be the means of introducing the reader to the exhaustless mines of enjoyment which will remain to be explored in the collected works of their respective authors.

She trusts that it will not be thought irrelevant if she suggests the great advantage which may be derived by young persons whose parents will be at the pains of reading to them, *in the first instance*, verses aloud. All children are sensible of the additional beauty conferred on a poem by proper emphasis, and readily adopt it when the key-note has been given by an experienced reader. To such parents as may not have made the experiment, it would afford great interest to remark how much the latent character of their children will be exhibited by their selection of subjects, as well as the effect such subjects produce on minds differently constituted.

EMBER COTTAGE,  
Thames Ditton, Surrey.

## LIST OF PLATES.

---

	Page
1. THE SISTERS — painted by A. JOHANNOT, engraved by S. SANGSTER .....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
2. VIGNETTE TITLE — painted by SCHIAVONETTI, en- graved by W. GREATBATCH.	
3. THE HOLIDAY — painted by P. DECAMPS, engraved by W. GREATBATCH.....	18
● 4. THE SICK MOTHER — painted by A. SCHEFFER, engraved by H. LIGHTFOOT .....	38
5. FATHERLESS FANNY — painted by R. WESTALL, R. A., engraved by W. GREATBATCH.....	53
6. HEDGE-ROW FLOWERS — painted by F. CORBAUX, engraved by R. HART .....	78
7. THE BIRD'S NEST — painted by J. COLIN, engraved by W. GREATBATCH .....	141
8. PEASANTS OF PROCIDA — painted by Madame COLIN, engraved by W. GREATBATCH.....	210
9. NORMAN PILGRIMS — painted by F. C. LEWIS, engraved by W. GREATBATCH .....	237

## CONTENTS.

---

	Page
Ye Mariners of England. By Thomas Campbell ...	1
To the Cuckoo ..... By William Wordsworth...	3
Casabianca ..... By Mrs. Hemans .....	4
The Soldier's Dream .... By Thomas Campbell.....	6
A Lament for the Fairies By Mrs. Gordon .....	8
Birds in Summer ..... By Mary Howitt .....	11
Mont Blanc ..... By Miss Landon.....	14
The Boy of Egremond ... By Samuel Rogers .....	16
The Holiday ..... By Rev. Thomas Maude..	18
The Convict Ship ..... By T. K. Hervey .....	20
Hohenlinden ..... By Thomas Campbell.....	22
Waterloo ..... By Lord Byron .....	23
The Monkey ..... By Mary Howitt.....	27
An English Fireside .... By Samuel Rogers .....	30
Address to a Wild Deer.. By Professor Wilson .....	31
The Mother's Return .... By Miss E. L. Montague	33
To the Rainbow ..... By Thomas Campbell.....	35
The Wreath ..... By Mrs. Hemans .....	37
The Highlander ..... By William Gillespie .....	40
The Holly Tree ..... By Robert Southey.....	41
A Retrospective Review. By Thomas Hood .....	43
Helvellyn ..... By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.	47
A Lament of Abba Thule for his Son Prince Lee Boo:	
By Rev. W. L. Bowles...	50
Fatherless Fanny ..... By Mrs. Opie .....	53
The North-wester ..... By John Malcolm .....	55
On the Burial of Sir John Moore :	
By the Rev. C. Wolfe ....	57
Home .....	59



	Page
The Sisters .....	By Rev. George Crabbe .. 60
The Mariner's Dream ...	By William Diamond..... 63
A Canadian Boat Song...	By Thomas Moore ..... 66
Battle Hymn of the League:	
	By Thomas Macaulay ... 67
The Sea.....	By W. B. Proctor ..... 71
The Dead Bird .....	..... 73
Hedge-row Flowers .....	By Cornelius Webber ..... 78
The Conflagration of Moscow:	
	By Rev. C. C. Colton ... 81
The Northern Star .....	..... 83
Evening Prayer at a Girl's School:	
	By Mrs. Hemans ..... 85
The Luck of Eden Hall.	By J. H. Wiffen..... 87
Bring back the Chain ...	By Hon. Mrs. Norton ... 96
The Christening .....	By Charles Lamb ..... 98
Change .....	By Miss Landon ..... 100
The Emigrant's Cabin...	By Thomas Pringle ..... 101
Address to a Steam Vessel	By Joanna Baillie ..... 106
The Indian Serpent-charmer:	
	By Rev. Dr. Croly.. ..... 107
Twilight .....	By James Montgomery ... 110
Rosabelle .....	By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 111
Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath:	
	By S. T. Coleridge ..... 113
The Cataract of Lodore ..	By Robert Southey ..... 114
Farewell to England.....	By Lord Byron ..... 117
Chapter of Accidents.....	By Thomas Hood ..... 120
The Widowed Mother ...	By Professor Wilson ..... 123
The Singing Bird at Sea	By Miss Jewsbury ..... 125
The Bully .....	By Rev. George Crabbe... 128
The Sparrow's Nest .....	By William Wordsworth... 130
The Ladybird .....	By Cornelius Webber ..... 131

	Page
On a Statue of a dead Child :	
By Mrs. Alaric Watts ....	133
The Poet's Return from Travel :	
By Robert Southey.....	136
Enigma .....	By Lord Byron ..... 140
To a wounded Singing Bird :	
By W. B. Proctor .....	141
The Bechuana Boy .....	By Thomas Pringle..... 143
The Lake of the Dismal Swamp :	
By Thomas Moore .....	149
The Factory .....	By Miss Landon..... 151
On the Grasshopper and Cricket :	
By John Keats .....	155
To my little Cousin with her First Bonnet :	
By Caroline Bowles .....	156
The Neglected Child ...	By T. H. Bailey ..... 158
The Squire's Pew .....	By Jane Taylor ..... 160
On leaving School .....	By William Wordsworth.. 164
The Pilgrim .....	By Miss Landon..... 165
Providence .....	By Leigh Hunt ..... 167
He never smiled again...	By Mrs. Hemans ..... 168
The Housekeeper.....	By Charles Lamb ..... 170
Ballad of the Sailor's Children .....	171
This World is all a fleeting Show :	
By Thomas Moore .....	174
The Anglo-Indian Exile	By Miss Roberts ..... 175
An Italian Song .....	By Samuel Rogers ..... 177
To a Child, after an Interval of Absence :	
By Alaric A. Watts .....	178
King Canute.....	By Bernard Barton..... 181
Saturday Afternoon .....	By N. P. Willis ..... 183
Stanzas .....	By Thomas Hood ..... 185
The Sicilian Vespers ....	186

	Page
The Ship's Departure ... By Professor Wilson .....	189
The Ship's Return ..... By Professor Wilson .....	192
Reasons for Mirth..... By Miss Mitford .....	194
The Close of Autumn ... By W. C. Bryant.....	195
Elegy, by a Schoolboy .....	197
The Embarkation of Cleopatra :	
By T. K. Hervey .....	199
The Launch of the Nautilus :	
By Rev. E. Barnard .....	201
The Exile ..... By D. L. Richardson ....	204
The Town Child and the Country Child :	
By Allan Cunningham ...	207
Stanzas.....	210
The Homes of England . By Mrs. Hemans .....	211
Hymn to the Virgin..... By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.	212
The Better Land ..... By Mrs. Hemans .....	213
May-day ..... By Miss Landon .....	215
Song of the Wild Bushman :	
By Thomas Pringle .....	216
The Slave Ship ..... By the Rev. H. H. Milman	218
Those Evening Bells .... By Thomas Moore .....	225
The Vision of Belshazzar By Lord Byron .....	226
Stanzas ..... By Bishop Heber .....	228
Modern Greece..... By Lord Byron .....	229
A Mother's Love ..... By James Montgomery ...	232
The Victory ..... By Robert Southey .....	235
Norman Pilgrims ..... By J. F. Hollings .....	237
Music..... By Alaric A. Watts .....	239
To an Old Oak..... By Samuel Rogers .....	240
Verses to the Misses L.... By Thomas Campbell ....	243
The Swallow..... By Rev. E. W. Barnard...	243

THE  
JUVENILE  
POETICAL LIBRARY.

---

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle, and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,  
 I hear thee, and rejoice ;  
 O Cuckoo, shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,  
 I hear thy restless shout :  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 About, and all about !

To me no babbler, with a tale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou tellest, Cuckoo ! in the vale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird ; but an invisible thing,  
 A voice—a mystery.

The same who in my school-boy days  
 I listen'd to ; that cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways,  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee often I did rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love —  
Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain,  
And listen till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place ;  
That is fit home for thee.

---

### CASABIANCA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm ;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though childlike form !

The flames rolled on — he would not go  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.  
He call'd aloud, " Say, father, say,  
If yet my task is done !"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
" If I may yet be gone !  
And" — but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.  
Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And looked from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair !

And shouted but once more aloud,  
" My father, must I stay ?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.  
They caught the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,



And streamed above the gallant child  
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound —  
The boy — oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea !  
With mast and helm and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part —  
But the noblest thing that perished there  
Was that young faithful heart.

---

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had  
lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :  
'T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me  
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
young ;  
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers  
sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to  
part ;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn,  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

A LITTLE GIRL'S  
LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

BY MRS. GORDON.

AH ! where are all the fairies flown ?  
Why ceased their merry reign ?  
We're all so dull and solemn grown,  
I wish they'd come again ;  
'Mid lawns and bowers, when daylight's done,  
Once more to dance and play ; —  
There never has been any fun,  
Since fairies went away !

You weary me, you tiresome doll !  
You cannot speak or walk ;  
A fairy's wand, my good Miss Poll,  
Would soon have made you talk !  
Then you and I, so merrily,  
Had sported all the day ;  
But now, oh dear ! that cannot be,  
The fairies are away.

Now, there are none of them to ask  
For water from the well ;  
No diamonds now reward the task,  
As Mother Goose doth tell ;

No toads the naughty lips disgrace,  
That say a sulky nay ; —  
This world is quite a stupid place,  
Now fairies are away.

We cannot meet them at a spring,  
When drawing water out ;  
For water to our doors we bring  
By leaden pipe or spout.  
One still finds toads ; I 've seen them crawl  
About, at close of day ;  
But diamonds, — none ; *they* vanished all  
When fairies went away.

There's puss sits purring by the fire,  
Or chases mice and rats ;  
The stupid thing ! I do *so* tire  
Of these dull, common cats !  
A cleverer one my fancy suits,  
Who can do *more* than play ;  
But, ah ! there is no Puss in Boots,  
Since fairies went away.

The bean-stalks in our gardens all,  
How widely Jack's outshone 'em ;  
Ours grow so slowly — never tall, —  
And nought save beans upon 'em ;  
No wealthy giants at the top, —  
No gold, — no harps to play, —  
We 'll ne'er see such another crop,  
Now fairies are away !

And books—and maps—and lessons—ah !  
Enough to bend one double ;  
A fairy for one's godmamma,  
Would save one all the trouble.  
Quite wise without instruction, she  
Could make one in a day ;  
But now — there's no such luck for me !  
The fairies are away.

Farewell to fairy finery !  
To fairy presents rare ;  
No slippers made of glass have we,  
As Cinderella's were ;—  
Nor pumpkin coach — nor coachman rat —  
Nor lizard footman gay ;  
Nor steeds—those mice that feared no cat—  
Now fairies are away.

They meet no longer, by the light  
Of moonbeams, 'neath a tree ;  
Why! one might walk abroad all night,  
And not a fairy see !  
One would but catch a cold or fever,  
Before the dawn of day ;  
And these are things that happened never,  
Till fairies went away.

Farewell to all the pretty tales,  
Of merry Elfs dining  
On mushroom tables, in the dales,  
Lit by the glow-worm's shining ;

And tripping to the minstrel gnat,  
His jocund measure singing,  
While o'er their heads the lazy bat,  
His silent flight was winging :  
Farewell ! like theirs, my song is done ;  
But yet once more I'll say —  
There never has been any fun,  
Since fairies went away.

---

## BIRDS IN SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in each leafy tree ;  
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,  
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,  
With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
That open to sun and stars and moon,  
That open unto the bright blue sky,  
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,  
Those homes of delight they need not now ;

And the young and the old they wander out,  
And traverse their green world round about :  
And, hark ! at the top of this leafy hall,  
How one to the other they lovingly call ;  
“ Come up, come up ! ” they seem to say,  
“ Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway ! ”

“ Come up, come up, for the world is fair,  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air ! ”  
And the birds below give back the cry,  
“ We come, we come, to the branches high ! ”  
How pleasant the life of the bird must be,  
Flitting about in a leafy tree,  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And to look on the green bright earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !  
What joy it must be to sail, upborne  
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,  
To meet the young sun face to face,  
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space !

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud  
And to sing in the thunder-halls aloud ;  
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight  
With the upper cloud-winds, — oh, what delight !

Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go  
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,  
And to see how the water-drops are kissed  
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Wherever it listeth there to flee ;  
To go when a joyful fancy calls  
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,  
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,  
Above and below, and among the spray,  
Hither and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees ;  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,  
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladden some fairy region old !  
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of the forest-tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !



## MONT BLANC.

BY L. E. L.

THOU monarch of the upper air,  
Thou mighty temple given  
For morning's earliest of light,  
And evening's last of heaven !  
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke  
From crowded cities sent,  
Are purified before they reach  
Thy loftier element.  
Thy hues are not of earth, but heaven ;  
Only the sunset rose  
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye  
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers  
Who scaled thy breathless height,  
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,  
A thing for common sight !  
Before that human step had left  
Its sully on thy brow,  
The glory of thy forehead made  
A shrine to those below :  
Men gazed upon thee as a star,  
And turn'd to earth again,

With dreams like thine own floating clouds,  
The vague, but not the vain.  
No feelings are less vain than those  
That bear the mind away,  
Till, blent with nature's mysteries,  
It half forgets its clay ;  
It catches loftier impulses,  
And owns a nobler power ;  
The poet and philosopher  
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place  
For any spirit's dream ?  
Our steps have been o'er every soil,  
Our sails o'er every stream.  
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,  
The fortunate, the fair !  
We looked for their perpetual spring,  
To find it was not there.  
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,  
We have so sought for thee,  
There 's not a spot in all the globe  
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs  
That dwelt in legends old ;—  
Alas ! to our posterity  
Will no such tales be told.  
We know too much ; scroll after scroll  
Weighs down our weary shelves ;

Our only point of ignorance  
Is centered in ourselves.  
Alas ! for thy past mystery,  
For thine untrodden snow,  
Nurse of the tempest, hadst thou none  
To guard thy outraged brow ?  
Thy summit, once the unapproached,  
Hath human presence owned ;  
With the first step upon thy crest,  
Mont Blanc, thou wert dethroned.

---

## THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

" SAY what remains when hope is fled ?"  
She answered, " Endless weeping !"  
For, in the herdsman's eye she read  
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,  
The stag was roused on Barden-fell ;  
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,  
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying ;

When near the cabin in the wood,  
In tartan clad, and forest-green,  
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,  
The Boy of Egremond was seen.  
Blithe was his song, a song of yore ;  
But where the rock is rent in two,  
And the river rushes through,  
His voice was heard no more !  
'Twas but a step ! the gulf was passed ;  
But that step — it was his last !  
As through the mist he winged his way,  
(A cloud that hovers night and day,)  
The hound hung back, and back he drew  
The master and his merlin too.  
That narrow space of noise and strife  
Received their little all of life !

There now the matin-bell is rung ;  
The " Miserere " duly sung ;  
And holy men, in cowl and hood,  
Are wandering up and down the wood.  
But what avail they ? Ruthless lord,  
Thou didst not shudder when the sword  
Here on the young its fury spent,  
The helpless and the innocent.  
Sit now, and answer groan for groan.  
The child before thee is thy own :  
And she who wildly wanders there,  
The mother in her long despair,

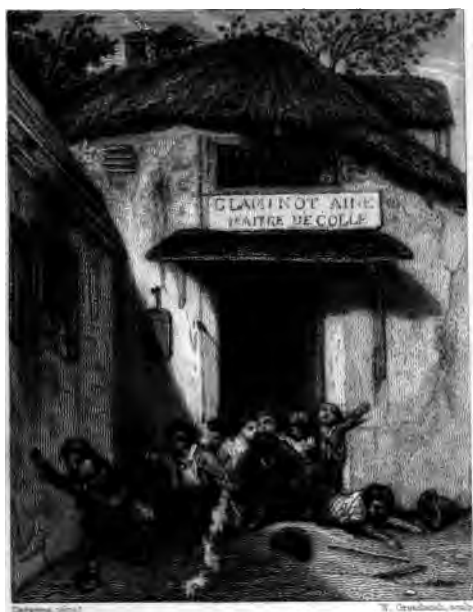
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,  
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping ;  
Of those who would not be consoled,  
When red with blood the river rolled.

---

### THE HOLIDAY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MAUDE.

HARK to that joyous shout ! Methinks I hear  
The cry of gladness — yes, it fills my ear, —  
When from the prison school-room all rush out,  
Wild with delight — a noisy, laughing rout !  
*A holiday !* — the tasks were just begun,  
Bright through the window shone the mocking sun ;  
When with the master's Sunday's coat, his dame,  
Bustling and smiling, to the school-room came,  
And call'd him thence ! A gentle stranger's come,  
To take his little prattling urchin home ;  
And the young smiler, ere he rides away,  
Begs for his sake to ask a holiday.  
'T is asked — 't is granted ! With reluctance feigned,  
The double favour is in form obtained ;  
But the good master chuckles while he grants,  
Well pleased to tend his orchard trees and plants.  
What gladdening tidings ! O, the joy within  
Twenty young hearts ; and, ah ! the deafening din !



THE SCHOOL



Quickly the Latin books are thrown aside,  
The hats snatched up ; and, like a flooding tide,  
Out rush the merry hearts, o'erjoyed to be  
Thus early in the fragrant morning free !  
Away they scamper ; they 've a feeling now  
Of liberty, enlightening every brow :  
Away they scamper, full of sport — away —  
With careless minds, intent on various play :  
Huzza ! a long and sunny holiday !

Now when the first wild transport of delight  
Subsides, they congregate with faces bright,  
Loud clamorous tongues, and speaking sparkling eyes ;  
And sports and games, how innocent ! devise.  
Ah ! how unlike the headlong passions strong,  
Which hurry man's maturer heart along ; —  
Passions, in evil pleasures seeking vent,  
Intenser — but how much less innocent !  
Alas ! to these, ere few brief years be flown,  
Will all their fiery tyranny be known.  
But hence, O hence, anticipations vain !  
Age ! view their frolics — and be young again.



## THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY I. K. HERVEY.

MORN on the waters ! and purple and bright,  
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light !  
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;  
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
 And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the  
                   gale !

The winds come around her in murmur and song,  
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along !  
 Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,  
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds !  
 Onwards she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
 Over the waters — away, and away !  
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
 Passing away like a dream of the heart !  
 Who — as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her, and sunshine on high —  
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
 Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves ! and the moon is on high,  
 Hung, like a gem on the brow of the sky ;  
 Treading its depths, in the power of her might,  
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !  
 Look to the waters ! — asleep on their breast,  
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?

Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain;  
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep,— as the moon in the sky,—  
A phantom of beauty! could deem, with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within.

Who — as he watches her silently gliding, —  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!  
Or deems that he watches afloat on the wave,  
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'T is thus with our life, while it passes along,  
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!  
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled:  
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,  
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!  
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
As the smiles we put on — just to cover our tears:  
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot  
    know,  
Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below;  
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished  
    and o'er.

## HOHENLINDEN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious ev'ry charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'T is morn ; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part, where many meet :  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

---

WATERLOO.

BY LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:  
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when  
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell !  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
knell !

Did ye not hear it? No; 't was but the wind ;  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet ; —  
But, hark ! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
Arm ! arm ! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
'That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :  
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts ; and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
And near the beat of the alarming drum,  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips — “ The foe ! they  
come, they come ! ”

And wild and high the “ Cameron’s gathering ”  
rose.

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon  
foes : —

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which  
fills

The mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years ;  
And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s  
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves  
Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving if aught inanimate e’er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and  
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,— the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay thall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial  
blent.

## THE MONKEY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

MONKEY, little merry fellow,  
Thou art nature's punchinello !  
Full of fun as Puck could be ;  
Harlequin might learn of thee !

Look now at his odd grimaces !  
Saw you e'er such comic faces ?  
Now like learned judge sedate ;  
Now with nonsense in his pate !

Nature, in a sunny wood,  
Must have been in merry mood,  
And with laughter fit to burst,  
Monkey, when she made thee first.

How you leaped and frisked about  
When your life you first found out ;  
How you threw in roguish mirth,  
Cocoa nuts on mother earth ;

How you sat and made a din  
Louder than had ever been,  
Till the parrots all a-riot  
Chattered too to keep you quiet



How the world's first children ran  
Laughing from the monkey-man,  
Little Abel and his brother,  
Laughing, shouting to their mother.

And could you keep down your mirth  
When the floods were on the earth ;  
When from all your drowning kin,  
Good old Noah took you in ?

In the very Ark, no doubt,  
You went frolicking about,  
Never keeping in your mind  
Drowned monkeys left behind !

No, we cannot hear of this ;  
Gone are all the witnesses ;  
But I'm very sure that you  
Made both mirth and mischief too.

Have ye no traditions, none,  
Of the court of Solomon ?  
No memorial how ye went  
With Prince Hiram's armament ?

Were ye given or were ye sold  
With the peacocks and the gold ?  
Is it all forgotten quite,  
'Cause ye neither read nor write ?

Look now at him ! slyly peep,  
He pretends he is asleep ;  
Fast asleep upon his bed,  
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,  
And he is not settled quite ;  
There ! that's better than before  
And the knave pretends to snore.

Ha ! he is not half asleep !  
See he slyly takes a peep.  
Monkey, though your eyes were shut ,  
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother.  
What another ? and another ?  
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack,  
Sit down and begin to crack.

There, the little ancient man  
Cracks as fast as crack he can ;  
Now good-by, you merry fellow,  
Nature's primest punchinello !

## AN ENGLISH FIRESIDE,

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

At night, when all, assembling round the fire,  
Closer and closer draw till they retire,  
A tale is told of India or Japan,  
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan ;  
What time wild Nature revelled unrestrained : —  
And Sinbad voyaged, and the Caliphs reigned : —  
Of knights renowned from holy Palestine,  
And minstrels, such as swept the lyre divine,  
When Blondel came, and Richard in his cell  
Heard, as he lay, the song he knew so well : —  
Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale  
Rings in her shrouds and beats her iron-sail,  
Among the snowy Alps of Polar seas  
Immoveable — for ever there to freeze !  
Or some great caravan, from well to well  
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,  
In their long march, such as the prophet bids,  
To Mecca from the land of pyramids,  
And in an instant lost — a hollow wave  
Of burning sand their everlasting grave !  
Now the scene shifts to Venice — to a square  
Glittering with light, all nations masking there,  
With light reflected on the tremulous tide,  
Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,  
Answering the jest, the song on every side ;

---

To Naples next — and at the crowded gate,  
Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement wait,  
Lo, on his back a son brings in his sire,  
Vesuvius blazing like a world on fire ! —  
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,  
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it not ?)  
From harp or organ ! 'T is at parting given,  
That in their slumbers they may dream of heaven ;  
Young voices mingling, as it floats along,  
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song !

---

## ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

MAGNIFICENT creature ! so stately and bright,  
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;  
For what has the child of the desert to dread,  
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming  
head,  
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale ? —  
Hail ! King of the wild and the beautiful ! hail !  
— Hail ! idol divine ! — whom Nature hath borne  
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,  
Whom the pilgrim long wandering on mountain and  
moor,  
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore ;  
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,  
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up ! up to yon cliff ! like a king to his throne,  
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone ; —  
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign  
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.  
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy  
breast —

Lo ! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest :  
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !  
In the hush of the mountains, yet antlers lie still —  
Though your branches now toss in the storm of  
delight,

Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height :  
One moment — thou bright apparition ! — delay !  
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather gleam, scorning the earth,  
That wild spirit hung in majestic mirth :  
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,  
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss ;  
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,  
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean.  
Then proudly he turned ere he sank to the dell,  
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,  
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,  
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath passed on the wind,  
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind :  
But my spirit will travel wherever she flee ;  
And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea !





Photo. G. G. G.

W. L. G. G.

THE S. G. G. PHOTOGRAPH

Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast  
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell  
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,  
~~There~~ safely and slowly sinks down on his breast,  
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.  
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—  
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—  
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—  
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

---

## THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

Oh, we hae missed ye sair, Mither, the whiles ye  
hae been gane,  
And sadly by the ingle nook my Father sat alane;  
And oh! how lanesome and how lang the weary  
hours hae been  
Sin ye read me frae the picture-book the fairy tales  
at e'en.

Oh, we hae missed ye sair, Mither, while ye hae  
been awa';  
The bonnie doos ye loved to tend sat moping by the wa';



The merry, merry, minster bells mair sadly seemed  
to ring,  
And the bullfinch wi' his mournfu' voice amais  
forgot to sing.

Oh, Mither ! we hae missed ye, sair, mair sairly  
than ye ken ;  
When the darksome winter night came on I sought  
for ye in vain :  
I looked upon my Father's face, but tears were in  
his ee,  
And, Mither, when we knelt and prayed, our hearts  
were full o' thee.

But oh ! I missed ye maist, Mither, when alane I  
ganged to bed,  
And the fond " Good-night ! " was over, and the  
evening prayer was said :  
I dinna ken what made me greet, but mony a night  
I wept,  
And I thought how ye were used to come and kiss  
me ere I slept.

Then tell me, tell me, Mither dear, ye 'll gang nae  
inair awa',  
But bide wi' me, and Father, and the bonnie doos  
and a' ;  
And I 'll promise ne'er again to greet, and ne'er, oh  
ne'er do wrang,  
And again we 'll a' be happy as the simmer days are  
lang !"

## TO THE RAINBOW.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud Philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
 A midway station given  
 For happy spirits to alight  
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold  
 Thy form to please me so,  
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
 Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face  
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
 But words of the Most High,  
 Have told why first thy robe of beams  
 Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the great undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang,  
On earth, delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam :  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy glory cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span ;  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

---

## THE WRECK.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Her sails are dragged in the brine,  
That gladdened late the skies ;  
And her pennon, that kissed the fair moonshine,  
Down many a fathom lies.

WILSON.


ALL night the booming minute-gun  
Had pealed along the deep,  
And mournfully the rising sun  
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.  
A bark, from India's coral strand,  
Before the rushing blast,

Had veiled her topsails to the sand,  
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,  
And true ones died with her!  
We saw her mighty cable riven,  
Like floating gossamer!  
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,  
A star once o'er the seas,  
Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,—  
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away,  
The rocks with pearl were sown;  
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray  
Flashed out o'er fretted stone;  
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,  
Like ashes by a breeze,  
And gorgeous robes, — but oh! that shore  
Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,  
A crushed reed thrown aside!  
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,  
Not without strife he died!  
And near him on the sea-weed lay,  
Till then we had not wept,  
But well our gushing hearts might say,  
That *there* a mother slept:



For her pale arms a babe had prest \*  
With such a wreathing grasp,  
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,  
Yet not undone the clasp !  
Her very tresses had been flung  
To wrap the fair child's form,  
Where still their wet, long streamers clung  
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,  
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,  
Like Slumber's trustingly serene,  
In melancholy grace.  
Deep in her bosom lay his head,  
With half-shut violet eye ; —  
*He* had known little of her dread,  
Nought of her agony !

Oh, human love ! whose yearning heart  
Through all things vainly true,  
So stamps upon thy mortal part,  
Its passionate adieu !  
Surely thou hast another lot,  
There is some home for thee,  
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not  
The moaning of the sea !

\* This circumstance is related of Mrs. Cargill, an actress of some celebrity, who was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, when returning from India.

## THE HIGHLANDER.

BY WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

Many a years ago, a poor Highland soldier on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch tree, on the solitary road of Lowran, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and this incident forms the subject of the following verses.

FROM the climes of the sun, all war worn and weary  
The Highlander sped to his youthful abode ;  
Fair visions of home cheered the desert so dreary,  
Though fierce was the noonbeam and steep was the  
road.

'Till spent with the march that still lengthened before  
him,  
He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat ;  
The light shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er  
him,  
And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sank to repose where the red heaths are blended,  
One dream of his childhood his fancy passed o'er ;  
But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,  
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,  
Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill ;  
Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,  
And stretched him in peace by the stream of the  
hill.

Pale autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,  
The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest,  
And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,  
And moisten'st the heath-bell that weeps on his  
breast.

---

## THE HOLLY TREE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly tree?  
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives  
Its glossy leaves.  
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound,  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralise;  
And in the wisdom of this holly tree  
Can emblems see



Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear  
    Harsh and austere,  
To those who on my leisure would intrude  
    Reserved and rude,  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
    Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
    Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen  
    So bright and green,  
The holly leaves a sober hue display  
    Less bright than they;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among  
    The thoughtless throng,  
So would I seem among the young and gay  
    More grave than they,  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly tree,

## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Ah! that I were once more a careless child!  
COLERIDGE.

Oh when I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blythe and kind!  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the teardrop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing; —  
But now those past delights I drop,  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles — once my bag was stored, —  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a taw!  
My playful horse has slipped his string,  
Forgotten all his capering,  
And harnessed to the law!

My kite, — how fast and far it flew !  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
My pleasure from the sky !  
'T was papered o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote, — my present dreams  
Will never soar so high !

My joys are wingless all and dead ;  
My dumps are made of more than lead ;  
My flights soon find a fall ;  
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
Joy never cometh with a whoop,  
And seldom with a call !

My football's laid upon the shelf ; —  
I am a shuttlecock myself  
The world knocks to and fro ; —  
My archery is all unlearned,  
And grief against myself has turned  
My arrows and my bow !

No more in noontide sun I bask,  
My authorship's an endless task,  
My head's ne'er out of school. —  
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,  
I have too many foes to fight,  
And friends grown strangely cool !

The very churn that shared my cake  
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,  
    It makes me shrink and sigh ; —  
On this I would not dwell and hang,  
The changeling will not feel a pang  
    Though this should meet his eye !

No skies so blue, or so serene  
As then ; — no leaves look half so green  
    As clothed the play-ground tree !  
All things I loved are altered so,  
Nor does it ease my heart to know  
    That change resides in me !

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy —  
The trowsers made of corduroy,  
    Well inked with black and red ; —  
The crownless hat, — ne'er deemed an ill, —  
It only let the sunshine still  
    Repose upon my head !

Oh, for the riband round the neck !  
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck  
    My book and collar both !  
How can this formal man be styled,  
Merely an Alexandrine child,  
    A boy of larger growth ?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew !  
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue  
That washed my sweet meals down ;  
The master even ! — and that small Turk  
That fagged me ! — worse is now my work —  
A fag for all the town !

Oh, for the lessons learned by heart !  
Ay, though the very birch's smart  
Should mark those hours again ;  
I'd " kiss the rod," and be resigned  
Beneath the stroke, — and even find  
Some sugar in the cane !

The' Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed !  
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,  
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun ! —  
The angel form that always walked  
In all my dreams, and looked and talked  
Exactly like Miss Brown !

The " omne bene" — Christmas come !  
The prize of merit, won for home, —  
Merit had prizes then !  
But now I write for days and days, —  
For fame — a deal of empty praise,  
Without the silver pen !



Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach :—  
The joyous shout, — the loud approach, —  
The winding horns like rams' !  
The meeting sweet that made me thrill, —  
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,  
No "satis" to the "jams" ! —

When that I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blythe and kind, —  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the teardrop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind !

---

## HELVELLYN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

In the spring of 1805 a young Gentleman of talent, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the Mountain of Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn ;  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty  
and wide :  
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red tarn was  
bending,  
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer  
had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown mountain  
heather,  
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in  
decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.  
Nor yet quite deserted though lonely extended,  
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was  
slumber?  
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst  
thou start?  
How many long days and long weeks didst thou  
number,  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?  
And, oh ! was it meet, that, — no requiem read o'er  
him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before  
him, —  
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart !

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,  
The tap'stry waves dark round the dim-lighted  
hall ;

With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :  
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are  
gleaming ;

In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beam-  
ing ;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain  
lamb ;

When, 'wilderred, he drops from some cliff huge in  
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.  
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying ;  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.



## THE LAMENT OF ABBA THULE FOR HIS SON PRINCE LEE BOO.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

See *The History of the Pelew Islands.*

I CLIMB the highest cliff: I hear the sound  
Of dashing waves; I gaze intent around:  
I mark the grey cope, and the hollowness  
Of heaven, and the great sun, that comes to bless  
The isles again, but my long-straining eye,  
No speck — no shadow — can, far off, descry,  
That I might weep tears of delight, and say,  
“It is the bark that bore my child away!”

Sun, that returnest bright, beneath whose eye  
The worlds unknown, and outstretched waters, lie,  
Dost thou behold him now? On some rude shore,  
Around whose crags the cheerless billows roar,  
Watching the unwearied surges doth he stand,  
And think upon his father's distant land?  
Or has his heart forgot, so far away,  
These native woods, these rocks, and torrents grey,  
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze,  
The shores, the sound of these encircling seas,  
Heard from his infant days, and the piled heap  
Of holy stones where his forefathers sleep?

Ah, me ! till sunk by sorrow, I shall dwell  
With them forgetful in the narrow cell,  
Never shall time from my fond heart efface  
His image ; oft his shadow I shall trace  
Upon the glimmering waters, when on high  
The white moon wanders through the cloudless sky ;  
Oft in my silent cave (when to its fire,  
From the night's rushing tempest, we retire)  
I shall behold his form, his aspect bland ;  
I shall retrace his footsteps in the sand ;  
And, when the hollow sounding surges swell,  
Still think I listen to his echoing shell.

Would I had perished ere that hapless day  
When the tall vessel, in its trim array,  
First rushed upon the sounding surge, and bore  
My age's comfort from this sheltering shore !  
I saw it spread its white wings to the wind —  
Too soon it left these hills and woods behind ; —  
Gazing, its course I followed till mine eye  
No longer could its distant track descry ;  
Till on the confines of the billows hoar  
Awhile it hung, and then was seen no more,  
And only the blue hollow cope I spied,  
And the long waste of waters tossing wide.

More mournful then each falling surge I heard ;  
Then dropt the stagnant tear upon my beard.  
Methought the wild waves said, amidst their roar  
At midnight,—“ Thou shalt see thy son no more !

Now thrice twelve moons through the mid heavens  
have rolled,  
And many a dawn, and slow night, have I told ;  
And still, as every weary day goes by,  
A knot recording on my line I tie ;  
But never more, emerging from the main,  
I see the stranger's bark approach again.  
Has the fell storm o'erwhelmed him ? Has its sweep  
Buried the bounding vessel in the deep ?  
Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain ?  
Upon his father did he call in vain ?  
Have pitiless and bloody tribes defiled  
The cold limbs of my brave, my beauteous child ?

Oh ! I shall never, never hear his voice :  
The spring time shall return, the isles rejoice ;  
But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,  
And 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn !

The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud,  
O'er all the beach now stream the busy crowd ;  
Fresh breezes stir the waving plantain grove ;  
The fisher carols in the windy cove ;  
And light canoes along the lucid tide,  
With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide.  
I linger on the desert rock alone,  
Heartless, and cry for thee, my Son, my Son.





R. T. Smith, P.A. 1847

W. G. Smith, engr.

FATHERLESS FANNY.

## FATHERLESS FANNY.

BY MRS. OPIE.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly whistling around,  
As cold as the lips that once smiled upon me,  
And unyielding, alas! as this hard frozen ground,  
The arms once so ready my shelter to be.

Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can  
boast,

But few to console and to love me, if any,  
And my gains are so small, a bare pittance almost  
Repays the exertions of fatherless Fanny.

Once, indeed, I with pleasure and patience could  
toil,

But 't was when my parents sat by and approved;  
Then my laces to sell I went out with a smile,  
Because my fatigue fed the parents I loved.

And at night when I brought them my hardly earned  
gains,

Though small they might be, still my comforts  
were many ;  
For my mother's fond blessing rewarded my pains,  
My father stood watching to welcome his Fanny.

But, ah ! now that I work by their presence un-  
cheered,

I feel 't is a hardship, indeed, to be poor ;  
While I shrink from fatigue, now no longer endeared,  
And sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.

Then, alas ! when at night I return to my home,  
No longer I boast that my comforts are many ;  
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,  
Where no one exclaims—" Thou art welcome, my  
Fanny !"

That, that is the pang ! want and toil would impart  
No pang to my breast, if kind friends I could see ;  
For the wealth that I yearn for is that of the heart—  
The smiles of affection are riches to me.

Then in pity, ye rich, when to you I apply  
To purchase my goods, though you do not buy  
any,  
With the accents of kindness O deign to deny ;  
You 'll comfort the heart of poor fatherless Fanny.

## THE NORTH-WESTER.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

They were the first  
 That ever burst  
 Into that silent sea !  
 COLERIDGE.

'Mid shouts that hailed her from the shore,  
 And bade her speed, the bark is gone,  
 That dreary ocean to explore,  
 Whose waters sweep the frigid zone ;  
 And bounding on before the gale,  
 To bright eyes shining through their tears,  
 'Twixt sea and sky, her snowy sail  
 A lessening speck appears.

Behold her next, 'mid icy isles,  
 Lone wending on her cheerless way ;  
 'Neath skies where summer scarcely smiles,  
 Whose light seems but the shade of day.  
 But while the waves she wanders o'er,  
 Around her form they sink to sleep ;  
 The pulse of nature throbs no more —  
 She 's chained within the deep !



Then Hope for ever took her flight ;  
Each face, as monumental stone,  
Grew ghastly, in the fading light,  
In which their latest sun went down :  
And ere its disk to darkness past,  
And closed their unreturning day,  
The seaman sought the dizzy mast  
To catch its latest ray.

All other secrets of their fate  
From darkness would the Muse redeem ?  
Unheard-of horrors to relate,  
Which fancy scarce may dare to dream,—  
Thus much we only know — they died ;  
All else oblivion deeply veils,  
And charnels of the waters wide,  
That tell no babbling tales.

For them were wishes, longings, fears,  
The sleepless night and ceaseless prayer,  
Hope gleaming, rainbow-like, through tears,  
And doubt that darkened to despair !  
Suns, seasons, as they roll away,  
No light upon the lost can shed —  
Their tale a secret till the day  
When seas give up their dead.

## ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY THE REV. C. WOLFE.

Sir John Moore was killed by a cannon shot in the moment of victory, at the battle of Corunna, Jan. 11. 1808. He was buried the same night on the ramparts of the Citadel of Corunna, a few hours before the British troops embarked.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word in sorrow ;  
But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But nothing he 'll reck if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard by the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory :  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

## HOME.

I KNEW my father's chimney top,  
Though nearer to my heart than eye,  
And watched the blue smoke reeking up  
Between me and the winter sky.

Wayworn I traced the homeward track  
My wayward youth had left with joy ;  
Unchanged in soul I wandered back,  
A man in years — in heart, a boy.

I thought upon its cheerful hearth,  
And cheerful hearts' untainted glee,  
And felt, of all I'd seen on earth,  
This was the dearest spot to me.

## THE SISTERS.

BY THE REV. G. CRABBE.

THE girls were orphans early ; yet I saw,  
 When young, their father — his profession law ;  
 He left them but a competence, a store  
 That made his daughters neither rich nor poor ;—  
 Not rich, compared with some who dwelt around ;  
 Nor poor, for want they neither feared nor found ;  
 Their guardian uncle was both kind and just,  
 One whom a parent might in dying trust ;  
 Who, in their youth, the trusted store improved,  
 And, when he ceased to guide them, fondly loved.

These sister beauties were, in fact, the grace  
 Of yon small town — it was their native place :  
 Like Saul's famed daughters were the lovely twain,  
 As Micah, Lucy, and as Merab, Jane ;  
 For this was tall, with free, commanding air,  
 And that was mild, and delicate, and fair.

Jane had an arch delusive smile, that charmed  
 And threatened too ; alluring, it alarmed ;  
 The smile of Lucy her approval told,  
 Cheerful, not changing ; neither kind nor cold.

When children, Lucy love alone possessed ;  
Jane was more punished and was more caressed ;  
If told the childish wishes, one bespoke  
A lamb, a bird, a garden, and a brook ;  
The other wished a joy unknown, a rout,  
Or crowded ball, and to be first led out.

Lucy loved all that grew upon the ground,  
And loveliness in all things living found ;  
The gilded fly, the fern upon the wall,  
Were Nature's works, and admirable all ;  
Pleased with indulgence of so cheap a kind,  
Its cheapness never discomposed her mind.

Jane had no liking for such things as these,  
Things pleasing her must her superiors please ;  
The costly flower was precious in her eyes,  
That skill can vary, or that money buys ;  
Her taste was good, but she was still afraid,  
Till fashion sanctioned the remarks she made.

The sisters read, and Jane with some delight,  
The satires keen that fear or rage excite,  
That men in power attack, and ladies high,  
And give broad hints that we may know them by,  
She was amused when sent to haunted rooms,  
Or some dark passage where the spirit comes.

Of one once murdered ! then she laughing read,  
And felt at once the folly and the dread :

As rustic girls to crafty gipseys fly,  
And trust the liar, though they fear the lie ;  
Or as a patient, urged by grievous pains,  
Will fee the daring quack whom he disdains,  
So Jane was pleased to see the beckoning hand,  
And trust the magic of the Radcliffe wand.

In her religion — for her mind, though light,  
Was not disposed our better views to slight —  
Her favourite authors were a solemn kind,  
Who fill with dark mysterious thoughts the mind ;  
And who with such conceits her fancy plied,  
Became her friend, philosopher, and guide.

She made the Progress of the Pilgrim one  
To build a thousand pleasant views upon ;  
All that connects us with a world above  
She loved to fancy, and she longed to prove ;  
Well would the poet please her, who could lead  
Her fancy forth, yet keep untouched her creed.

Led by an early custom, Lucy spied,  
When she awaked, the Bible at her side ;  
That, ere she ventured on a world of care,  
She might for trials, joys, or pains prepare,  
For every dart a shield, a guard for every snare.

She read not much of high heroic deeds,  
Where man the measure of man's power exceeds :  
But gave to luckless love and fate severe  
Her tenderest pity and her softest tear.

She mixed not faith with fable, but she trod  
Right onward, cautious in the ways of God ;  
Nor did she dare to launch on seas unknown,  
In search of truths by some adventurers shown,  
But her own compass used, and kept a course her own.

---

## THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY WILLIAM DIMOND.

In the slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,  
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the  
wind ;  
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind !

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
Of the pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,  
While memory each scene daily covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy its magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;  
Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.



The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in  
the wall,

All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;  
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear ;  
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds  
dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,  
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er,  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his  
rest —

Oh, God ! thou has blest me, I ask for no more !

Ah ! whence is the flame that now glares on his  
eye ?

Ah ! what is the sound that now bursts on his  
ears ?

'T is the lightning's red gleam painting hell on the  
sky !

'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the  
spheres !

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck —  
Amazement confronts him with images dire —  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck ;  
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;  
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the  
wave !

Oh sailor-boy ! woe to thy dream of delight !  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss ;  
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed  
kiss ?

Oh ! sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;  
Unblessed, and unhonoured down deep in the main  
Full many a fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,  
Or redeem thy lost form from the merciless surge ;  
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-  
sheet be,  
And winds in the winter of midnight thy dirge ;

On a bed of sea-flowers thy pale limbs shall be laid,  
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;  
Cf thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
And each tribe of the deep haunt thy mansion  
below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,  
And still the dark waters above thee shall roll ;  
Frail, short-sighted mortals their doom must obey ;  
Oh ! sailor boy ! sailor boy — peace to thy soul !

---

## A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim  
We sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl !  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Ottewas' tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,  
Oh ! grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

---

BATTLE HYMN OF THE LEAGUE. *Hugues*

BY T. MACAULEY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all  
glories are !  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of  
Navarre !  
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of  
dance,  
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O  
pleasant land of France !  
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of  
the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning  
daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought  
thy walls annoy.  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the  
chance of war,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O ! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn  
of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flem-  
ish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of  
our land ;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in  
his hand :

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's  
impurpled blood ;

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his  
blood ;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the  
fate of war,

To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour  
dressed,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gal-  
lant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern  
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from  
wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our  
lord the King !"

And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the  
ranks of war,  
And be your Oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Na-  
varre.

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled  
din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roar-  
ing culverin.  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's  
plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-  
mayne.  
Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of  
France,  
Charge by the golden lilies,—upon them with the  
lance.  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears  
in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the  
snow-white crest!  
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a  
guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of  
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne  
hath turned his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish  
Count is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a  
Biscay gale ;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags  
and cloven mail.  
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along  
our van,  
“ Remember St. Bartholomew,” was passed from man  
to man,  
But outspake gentle Henry “ No Frenchman is my foe.  
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go,”  
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or  
in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of  
Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never  
shall return.

Ho ! Philip, send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor  
spearmen’s souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your  
arms be bright ;

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and  
ward to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath  
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour  
of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories  
are;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of  
Navarre.

---

## THE SEA.

BY W. B. PROCTOR.

THE sea, — the sea, — the open sea !  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !  
Without a mark — without a bound —  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round :  
It plays with the clouds ; — it mocks the skies ;  
Or, like a cradled creature lies !

I 'm on the sea ! I 'm on the sea !  
I am where I would ever be ;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter, — I still shall ride and sleep.

I love — Oh ! *how* I love to ride  
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,



When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I loved the green sea more and more ;  
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;  
And a mother she was and is to me ;  
For I was *born* on the open sea !

The waves were white and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;  
And never was heard such outcry wild,  
As welcomed to life the ocean child.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a rover's life,  
With wealth to spend, and power to range,  
But never have sought or sighed for change ;  
And death — whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

---

## THE DEAD BIRD.

'Tis her first grief ! — the bird is dead.  
How many a mournful word was said !  
How many a tear was o'er it shed !

The anguish of the shock is past,  
But memory's thoughts those eyes o'er cast ;  
As, like the violet gemmed with dew,  
Glitters through tears their lovely blue.

'Tis her first grief ! — motionless there  
Is stretched the fondling of her care ;  
No longer may she hear his voice ;  
No longer in his sports rejoice ;  
And scarcely dare she lift her eyes,  
To where her lifeless treasure lies.  
But yesterday who could foresee,  
That such a change as this might be,  
That she should call and he not hear, —  
That bird who knew and loved her dear ;  
Who, when her finger touched her cage,  
'Gainst it a mimic war would wage ;

Who pecked the sweetmeat from her hand,  
And on her ringlets took his stand !  
As all these recollections rise,  
Again does sorrow drown her eyes,  
The little bosom swell with sighs :—  
Another bird !—no, never, never !  
Empty shall be that cage for ever.

'T is her first grief !—and it will fade  
Before the next sun sinks in shade.  
Ah ! happy age, when smile and tear  
Alternate in the eyes appear ;  
When sleep can every care remove,  
And morn's light wake to hope and love,  
But childhood flies like spring-time's hour,  
And deepening shadows o'er youth lour !  
Even thou, fair girl, must one day know  
Of life the painfulness and woe,  
The sadness that sleep cannot cure,  
Griefs that through nights and days endure ;  
Those natural pangs to mortals given,  
To wean us from this earth and lead our souls to  
heaven.

## THE CARRIER DOVE.

ON FINDING ONE DEAD ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY MRS. GILLISPIE SMITH.

How soft is sunset on this desert strand !  
The winds have sought their breezy caves afar,  
And emerald mirrors on the silver sand  
Make sparkling thousands of one evening star !

Is yon some relic of a tempest spent,  
A foam-formed wreath from some less tranquil shore ;  
Like slumbering passion's stern memento, sent  
To chasten hearts that passion stirs no more ?

No ! as the wave round yonder object curled,  
Methought soft plumage shivered in the breeze.  
Child of the deep ! thy weary pinions furled,  
Hast thou sought refuge in thy native seas ?

No child of ocean is yon form so still,  
That pierced the fields of air with arrowy wing ;  
Her wild waves never kissed yon rosy hill,  
That found soft nurture at a kindlier spring.

A Carrier Pigeon ! Love's ethereal post,  
Hope's minister—bright herald of the sky !  
Since thou wert slumbering on this lonely coast,  
What waking hearts have throbb'd in agony !

Ah ! with what trembling haste had hands unbound  
(As mine do now) thy fast decaying scroll ;  
How would the simple talisman they found  
Have stilled the tumults of an aching soul !

" All 's well ! " thus wrote some sister, wife, or friend ;  
'T was well with her, and thou, sweet bird, wert free ;  
What woes may now that faithful bosom rend,  
What joys have perished, in their flight like thee !

---

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass :  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands ;  
Such thrilling voice was never heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matters of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, joy, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
I listened, — motionless and still ;  
And when I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

## HEDGE-ROW FLOWERS.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

HERE along the hedge-row side  
Flow'rets of all colours hide;  
Here the daisy, white and red,  
Lifts to heaven its starry head;  
Here the primrose, meek and pale,  
Weeps to hear the lilly's tale,  
How, in former days and bowers,  
Zephyr, stealing 'mid the flowers,  
Wooed her as he swept along,  
With a sweet and balmy song;  
Sweet, oh very sweet, and then  
Left her in a lonely glen,  
Near a river's glassy brim,  
Till her cheek grew pale and dim;  
And her beauty, once as bright  
As the crimson rose's light,  
Passed away like summer's beam  
From the surface of a stream!—  
Here the "little calendine,"  
Sung by prouder harps than mine\*,

\* Vide Wordsworth's Poems.



FIELD ROSE FLOWERS.





Woos the breeze to kiss away  
The jewelled dew-drops that inlay,  
Like purest thoughts, its dainty breast !  
Here the cowslip loves to rest,  
And its yellow ringlets toss  
O'er its couch of velvet moss !  
Here the spotted foxglove dwells,  
Ringing oft its fairy bells ;  
And its sister, purely white,  
Makes the shady places bright,  
Like that maiden, mild and young,  
By Spenser's magic numbers sung !

There are richer gems than these  
Kissed and fanned by many a breeze ;  
Gems, on which the rainbow seems  
To have flung Elysian gleams ;  
And the *spirit of perfume*  
To have wept ambrosial bloom !

## THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

BY THE REV. R. C. COLTON.

HER royal nest the Russian eagle fires,  
And to the wild recess —revenged — retires ;  
Her talons unexpended lightnings arm,  
And high resentments all her courage warm.  
Tempt not, thou fiend of France, her arduous track !  
Ambition spurs thee on — defeat shall goad thee back ;  
False friends in rear, in front a stubborn foe,  
Thy caterer, famine,—and thy couch the snow :  
Then view that fiery cope with ghastly smile,  
'Tis thy ambition's grand funereal pile.

Blaze on, ye gilded domes, and turrets high,  
And like a furnace glow, thou troubled sky !  
Be lakes of fire the tyrant's sole domain,  
And let that fiend o'er flames and ruins reign ;  
Doomed, like the Rebel Angel, to be shown  
A fiery dungeon, where he hoped a throne.  
Blaze on ! thou costliest, proudest sacrifice,  
E'er lit by patriots hands, or fanned by patriot sighs.

Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tower,  
That screens a foeman in this vengeful hour ;  
Let self-devotion rule this righteous cause,  
And triumph o'er affections, customs, laws ;

With Roman daring be the flag unfurled —  
Themselves they conquer'd first, and then the world;  
Be this the dirge o'er Moscow's mighty grave,  
She stood to foster, but she fell to save;  
Her flames like Judah's guardian pillar rose  
To shield her children, to confound her foes:  
That mighty beacon must not blaze in vain,  
It rouses earth, and streams high o'er the main.

Now sinks the blood-red sun, eclipsed by light,  
And yields his throne to far more brilliant night.  
Roused by the flames, the blast, with rushing sound,  
Both fed and fanned the ruin that it found.  
Long stood each stately tower, and column high,  
And saw the molten gulf beneath them lie;  
Long reared their heads th' aspiring flames above,  
As stood the giants when they warred with Jove, —  
Conquered at length, with hideous crash they fall,  
And one o'erwhelming havoc covers all.  
Nor Ætna, nor Vesuvius, though combined  
In horrid league, and chafed by every wind  
That from the hoarse Æolian cave is driven,  
Could with such wreck astound both earth and  
heaven.

Rage Elements! wreck, ravage all ye can,  
Ye are not half so fierce as man to man!

Wide and more wide, self-warned, without com-  
mand,  
Gaul's awe-struck files their circling wings expand;

Through many a stage of horrors had they past,  
The climax this, the direst and the last ;  
Albeit unused o'er others' griefs to moan,  
Soon shall they purchase feeling from their own.  
From flank to centre, and from rear to van,  
The billowing, crackling conflagration ran —  
Wraps earth in sulphurous wave, and now the skies  
With tall colossal magnitude defies ; —  
Extends her base, while sword and spear retire,  
Weak as the bulrush to the lava's ire.  
Long had that circle, belted wide and far  
By burnished helm, and bristling steel of war,  
Presented hideous to the Gallic host  
One blazing sea, one adamantine coast !  
High o'er their heads the bickering radiance towers,  
Or falls from clouds of smoke in scorching showers :  
Beneath their crimson concave long they stood  
Like bordering pines when lightning fires the wood.  
And as they hemmed that grim horizon in,  
Each read in each the terrors of the scene ;  
Some feared — accusing conscience waked the fear —  
The DAY of wrath and retribution near,  
Deemed that they heard that thundering VOICE pro-  
claim,  
"Thou moon to blood be turned, thou earth to flame !"

Red-robed Destruction far and wide extends  
Her thousand arms, and summons all her fiends  
To glut their fill, a gaunt and ghastly brood !  
Their food is carnage, and their drink is blood ;

Their music, woe ; nor did the feast of hell  
Fit concert want — the conqueror's savage yell —  
Their groans and shrieks, whom sickness, age, or  
wound,  
Or changeless, fearless love. in fatal durance bound.

While valour sternly sighs, while beauty weeps,  
And vengeance, soon to wake like Sampson, sleeps,  
Shrouded in flame, th' Imperial City low  
Like Dagon's temple falls ! — but falls to crush the  
foe !

---

## THE NORTHERN STAR.

THE Northern Star  
Sailed o'er the bar,  
Bound to the Baltic sea ;  
In the morning grey  
She stretched away —  
'T was a weary day to me.

And many an hour  
In sleet and shower,  
By the light-house rock I stray,

And watch till dark  
For the winged bark  
Of him that's far away.

The churchyard's bound  
I wander round,  
Among the grassy graves ;  
But all I hear  
Is the north wind drear,  
And all I see the waves !

Oh roam not there,  
Thou mourner fair,  
Nor pour the fruitless tear !  
Thy plaint of woe  
Is all too low —  
The dead they cannot hear.

The Northern Star  
Is set afar,  
Set in the raging sea ;  
And the billows spread  
O'er the sandy bed,  
That holds thy love from thee !

## EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour — the quiet room  
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds  
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom  
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright young  
     heads,  
 With all their clustering locks, untouched by Care,  
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night — in  
     prayer.

Gaze on — 't is lovely ! — childhood's lip and cheek,  
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought —  
 Gaze — yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,  
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?  
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,  
 What death must fashion for eternity !

Oh ! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest,  
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,  
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppressed,  
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun —  
 Lift up your hearts ! — though yet no sorrow lies  
 Dark in the summer heaven of those clear eyes ;



Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled  
     springs  
 Of hope make melody where'er ye tread ;  
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings  
     Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread ;  
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,  
 Is woman's tenderness — how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you — silent tears to weep,  
     And patient smiles to wear through suffering's  
     hour,  
 And sumless riches, from affections deep,  
     To pour on broken reeds — a wasted shower !  
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
 And to bewail that worship — therefore pray !

Her lot is on you — to be found untired,  
     Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,  
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,  
     And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain —  
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,  
 And oh ! to love through all things — therefore pray !

And take the thought of this calm vespèr time,  
     With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,  
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,  
     As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight:  
 Earth will forsake — oh ! happy to have given  
 Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heaven !

## THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

It is currently believed in Scotland, and on the borders, that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch away the drinking-cup, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden-hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized, at such a banquet, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

“ If that glass either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! ”

From this prophecy the goblet took the name it bears — the *Luck of Eden-hall*. *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

ON Eden's wild romantic bowers  
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,  
And tint with yellow light the towers,  
The stately towers of Eden-hall.

There, lonely in the deepening night,  
A lady at her lattice sits,  
And trims her taper's wavering light,  
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute  
Beguile the weary moments now ;  
And little seems the lay to suit  
Her wistful eye, and anxious brow :

For, as the chord her finger sweeps,  
Oft-times she checks her simple song,  
To chide the froward chance that keeps  
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long :

And listens, as the wind sweeps by,  
His steed's familiar step to hear :—  
Peace, beating heart ! 't was but a cry  
And foot-fall of the distant deer.

In, lady, to thy bower ! fast weep  
The chill dew on thy cheek so pale ;  
Thy cherished hero lies asleep,  
Asleep in distant Russendale !

The noon was sultry, long the chase,  
And when the wild stag stood at bay,  
BURBEX reflected from its face  
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie,  
Up many a hill his courser strain,  
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,  
His verdant bowers, and halls again :

But twilight deepens — o'er the wolds  
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,  
And now the haunted forest holds  
The wanderer in its hoaky maze,

No ready vassal rides in sight ;  
He blows his bugle, but the call  
Roused echo mocks : farewell, to-night,  
The homefelt joys of Eden-hall !

His steed he to an alder ties,  
His limbs he on the green-sward flings,  
And tired and languid, to his eyes  
Woos sorceress Slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer, a sigh, in murmurs faint,  
He whispers to the passing air ;—  
The Ave to his patron saint,  
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'T was well that in that Elfin wood  
He breathed the supplicating charm,  
Which binds the Guardians of the good  
To shield from all unearthly harm :

Scarce had the night's pale lady stayed  
Her chariot o'er the accustomed oak,  
Than murmurs in the mystic shade  
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread,  
His crouching greyhound whined with fear ;  
And quaked the wild fern round his head,  
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale  
On glade and hillock, flower and tree,  
And sweet the gurgling nightingale  
Poured forth her music wild and free.

Sudden her notes fall hushed ; and near  
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring,  
And, in gay cavalcade, appear  
The Fairies round their Fairy king.

Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more  
Were there, in silk and steel arrayed ;  
And each a ruby helmet wore,  
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,  
And minstrels scarfed and laurelled fair,  
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,  
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,  
On milk-white steeds brought up their queen,  
Their kerchiefs of the crimson 'soy,  
Their kirtles all of Lincoln green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,  
A sapphire or a topaz crown ;  
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,  
Which their own tercel-gents struck down.

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,  
Some turbans rich, some ouches rare ;  
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,  
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade  
Grew florid as they pass'd along,  
And not a sound their bridles made  
But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit — the knights advance,  
And in quaint order, one by one,  
Each leads his lady forth to dance —  
The timbrels sound — the charm's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,  
A daisy or a bluebell springs,  
And not a dew-drop shines o'erhead,  
But falls within their charmed rings.

“ The dance lead up, the dance lead down,  
The dance lead round our favourite tree ;  
If now one lady wears a frown,  
A false and froward shrew is she !

“ There's not a smile we Fays let fall  
But swells the tide of human bliss ;  
And if good luck attends our call,  
'Tis due on such sweet night as this :

“ The dance lead up, the dance lead down,  
The dance lead round our favourite tree ;  
If now even Oberon wears a frown,  
A false and froward charl is he ! ”

Thus sing the Fays ;— Lord Mungrave hears  
Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes  
The radiant show, despite the fears  
That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft ! the minstrelsy declines ;  
The morrice ceases, sounds the shaums ;  
And quick, whilst many a taper shines,  
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand,—  
And underneath the greenwood bower,  
Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,  
Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

“ To banquet, ho ! ” the seneschals  
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees,  
At sound of cymbals, to their calls  
Consort beneath the leafy trees :

Titania by her king, each knight  
Beside his ladye love ; the page  
Behind his scutcheoned lord — a bright  
Equipment on a brilliant stage.

The monarch sits ; all helms are doffed,  
Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside,  
And, to the sound of music soft,  
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,  
Or lively hippocras they sip ;  
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,  
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With "nod and beck, and wreathed smile,"  
They heap their jewelled patines high ;  
Nor want their mirthful airs the while  
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,  
Lay on a mossy bank, o'er which  
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,  
The violet spread its perfume rich ;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee  
Presented high the wassail-cup,  
This lay the little bard with glee  
From harp of ivory offered up :

"Health to our Sovereign ; fill, brave boy,  
Yon glorious goblet to the brim !  
There's joy — in every drop there's joy  
That laughs within its charmed rim !



“ ’T was wrought within a wizard’s mould,  
When signs and spells had happiest power ;—  
Health to our king by wood and wold !  
Health to our queen in hall and bower ! ”

They rise — the myriads rise, and shrill  
The wild wood echoes to their brawl —  
“ Health to our king by wold and rill !  
Health to our queen in bower and hall ! ”

A sudden thought fires Musgrave’s brain —  
So help him all the Powers of Light —  
He rushes to the festal train,  
And snatches up that goblet bright !

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,  
The fourth it seats him on his steed ;  
“ Now, Luath ! or thy lord is lost —  
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed ! ”

’T is uproar all around, behind —  
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay ;  
“ The charmed cup is fairly tined,  
Stretch to the strife — away ! away ! ”

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,  
The green turf trembling as they pass’d ;  
But, forward still good Musgrave kept,  
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained  
Their shafts or ere he reached the shore ;  
But when the farther bank was gained,  
This song the passing whirlwind bore :

“ Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight ;  
But if yon goblet break or fall,  
Farewell the vantage in the fight,  
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! ”

The forest cleared he winds his horn —  
Rock, wood, and wave return the din ;  
And soon, as though by echo borne  
His gallant squires come pricking in.

’T is dusk of day ; — in Eden towers  
A mother o’er her infant bends,  
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,  
The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,  
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,  
And charms away the lady’s cares,  
And bids the mother’s heart rejoice.

“ Sleep sweetly, babe ! ” ’t was heard to say,  
“ But if the goblet break or fall,  
Farewell thy vantage in the fray,  
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! ”

## BRING BACK THE CHAIN.

BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

It was an aged man, who stood  
 Beside the blue Atlantic sea ;  
 They cast his fetters by the flood,  
 And hailed the time-worn Captive free !  
 From his indignant eye there flashed  
 A gleam his better nature gave,  
 And while his tyrants shrunk abashed,  
 Thus spoke the spirit stricken slave :

“ Bring back the chain, whose weight so long  
 These tortured limbs have vainly borne ;  
 The word of Freedom from *your* tongue,  
 My weary ear rejects with scorn !  
 'T is true, there was — there *was* a time,  
 I sighed, I panted to be free ;  
 And, pining for my sunny clime,  
 Bowed down my stubborn knee.

“ *Then* I have stretched my yearning arms,  
 And shook in wrath my bitter chain ; —  
*Then*, when the magic word had charms,  
 I groaned for liberty in vain !

That freedom ye, at length, bestow,  
And bid me bless my envied fate :  
Yet tell me I am free to go —  
Where ? — I am desolate !

“The boundless hope — the spring of joy,  
Felt when the spirit's strength is young ;  
Which slavery only can alloy,  
The mockeries to which I clung, —  
The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray  
Made life's dull lamp less dimly burn, —  
The tones I pined for, day by day,  
Can ye bid them return ?

“Bring back the chain ! its clanking sound  
Hath then a power beyond your own !  
It brings young visions smiling round,  
Too fondly loved — too early flown !  
It brings me days, when these dim eyes  
Gazed o'er the wild and swelling sea,  
Counting how many suns must rise  
Ere one might hail me free !

“Bring back the chain ! that I may think  
'T is *that* which weighs my spirits so ;  
And, gazing on each galling link,  
Dream as I dreamt — of bitter woe !  
My days are gone ; — of hope, of youth,  
These traces now alone remain ;  
(Hoarded with sorrow's sacred truth)  
Tears — and my iron chain !

“ Freedom ! though doomed in pain to live,  
The freedom of the soul *is* mine ;  
But all of slavery you could give,  
Around my steps must ever twine.  
Raise up the head which age has bent ;  
Renew the hopes that childhood gave ;  
Bid all return kind heaven once lent, —  
Till then — I am a slave !”

---

## THE CHRISTENING.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

ARRAYED—a half-angelic sight—  
In vests of pure baptismal white—  
The mother to the font doth bring  
The little helpless, nameless thing,  
With hushes soft and mild caressing,  
At once to get—a name and blessing.

Close by the babe the priest doth stand—  
The sacred water at his hand,  
Which must assoil the soul within  
From every stain of Adam's sin.  
The infant eyes the mystic scenes,  
Nor knows what all this wonder means ;

And now he smiles, as if to say,  
“ I am a Christian made this day.”  
Now, frightened, clings to nurse’s hold,  
Shrinking from the water cold,  
Whose virtues, rightly understood,  
Are, as Bethesda’s waters, good.  
Strange words—the World, the Flesh, the Devil ;  
Poor babe, what can it know of evil ?  
But we must silently adore  
Mysterious truths, and not explore.  
Enough for him, in after-times,  
When he shall read these artless rhymes,  
If, looking back upon this day  
With easy conscience, he can say,  
“ I have in part redeemed the pledge  
Of my baptismal privilege ;  
And more and more will strive to flee  
All that my sponsors kind renounced for me.”

## CHANGE.

BY MISS LONDON.

We say that people and that things are changed ;  
 Alas ! it is ourselves that change : the heart  
 Makes all around the mirror of itself.

WHERE are the flowers, the beautiful flowers  
 That haunted your homes and your heart in the  
 spring ?  
 Where is the sunshine of earlier hours ?  
 Where is the music the birds used to bring ?  
 Where are the flowers ? — why, thousands are  
 springing,  
 And many fair strangers are sweet on the air ;  
 And the birds to the sunshine their welcome are  
 singing —  
 Look round on our valley, and then question,  
 “ Where ? ”

Alas, my heart's darkness ! I own it is summer,  
 Though little 'tis like what it once used to be :  
 I have no welcome to give the new-comer ;  
 Strangely the summer seems altered to me.

'Tis my spirits are wasted—my hopes that are weary;  
These made the gladness and beauty of yore:  
To the worn and the withered even sunshine is  
dreary,  
And the year has its spring, though our own is  
no more.

---

## THE EMIGRANT'S CABIN.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

WHERE the young river, from its wild ravine,  
Winds pleasantly through 'Eildon's pastures green,—  
With fair acacias waving on its banks;  
And willows bending o'er in graceful ranks,  
And the steep mountain rising close behind,  
To shield us from the snowberg's wintry wind,—  
Appears my rustic cabin, thatch'd with reeds,  
Upon a knoll amid the grassy meads;  
And, close beside it, looking o'er the lea,  
Our summer seat, beneath an umbra tree.

This morning, musing in that favourite seat,  
My hound, old Yarrow, dreaming at my feet,  
I pictured you, sage Fairbairn, at my side,  
By some good Genie wafted o'er the tide;



And after cordial greetings, thus went on  
In fancy's dream our colloquy, dear John.

P.— Enter, my friend, our beehive cottage door :  
No carpet hides the humble earthen floor,  
But it is hard as brick, clean-swept and cool :  
You must be wearied ? Take that jointed stool ;  
Or on this couch of leopard-skin recline ;  
You 'll find it soft — the workmanship is mine.

F.— Why, Pringle, yes—your cabin's snug enough,  
Though oddly shaped. But as for household stuff,  
I only see some rough-hewn sticks and spars ;  
A wicker cupboard, filled with flasks and jars ;  
A pile of books, on rustic framework placed ;  
Hides of ferocious beasts that roam the waste ;  
Whose kindred prowl, perchance, around this spot —  
The only neighbours, I suspect, you 've got !  
Your furniture, rude from the forest cut,  
However, is in keeping with the hut.  
This couch feels pleasant : is 't with grass you stuff it ?  
So far I should not care with you to rough it.  
But — pardon me for seeming somewhat rude —  
In this wild place how manage ye for food.

P.— You 'll find, at least, my friend, we do not starve :  
There 's always mutton, if nought else, to carve ;  
And even of luxuries we have our share.  
But here comes dinner (the best bill of fare),

Drest by that "Nut Brown Maiden," Vytjè Vaal.

[*To the HOTTENTOT GIRL.*] Meid, roep de Juf-  
frouwen naar 't middagmaal.

[*To F.*] Which means — "The ladies in to dinner  
call."

[*Enter MRS. P. and her sister, who welcome their  
guest to Africa. The party take their seats, and  
conversation proceeds.*]

P. — First, here's our broad-tailed mutton, small  
and fine,

The dish on which nine days in ten we dine ;  
Next, roasted spring-bok, spiced and larded well ;  
A haunch of hartèbeest from Hydnehope Fell ;  
A paauw, which beats your Norfolk turkey hollow ;  
Korhaan, and Guinea-fowl, and pheasant follow :  
Kid carbonadges, à-la-Hottentot,  
Broiled on a forked twig ; and peppered hot  
With Chili pods, a dish called Caffer-stew ;  
Smoked ham of porcupine, and tongue of gnu.  
This fine white household bread (of Margaret's baking)  
Comes from an oven too of my own making,  
Scooped from an ant-hill. Did I ask before  
If you would taste this brawn of forest boar ?  
Our fruits, I must confess, make no great show :  
Trees, grafts, and layers must have time to grow.  
But there's green roasted maize, and pumpkin pie,  
And wild asparagus. Or will you try  
A slice of water melon ? — fine for drouth,  
Like sugared ices melting in the mouth.

Here too are wild grapes from our forest vine,  
 Not void of flavour, though unfit for wine.  
 And here comes dried fruit I had quite forgot,  
 (From fair Glen Avon, Margaret, is it not?)  
 Figs, almonds, raisins, peaches. Withooy Swart  
 Brought this huge sackful from kind Mrs. Hart,  
 Enough to load a Covent Garden cart.  
 But come, let's crown the banquet with some wine :  
 What will you drink ? Champagne ? Port ? Claret ?  
 Stein ?

Well !—— not to tease you with a thirsty jest,  
 Lo ! there our only vintage stands confest,  
 In that half-aum upon the spigot rack ;  
 And certes, though it keeps the old kaap smaak,  
 The wine is light and racy ; so we learn,  
 In laughing mood, to call it Cape Sauterne.  
 — Let's pledge this cup "to all our friends," Fair-  
 bairn !

F.—Well, I admit, my friend, your dinner's good,  
 Spring-bok and porcupine are dainty food ;  
 That lordly paauw was roasted to a turn,  
 And in your country fruits and Cape Sauterne,  
 The wildish flavour's really not unpleasant,  
 And I may say the same of gnu and pheasant.  
 But, Mrs. Pringle — shall I have the pleasure ?  
 Miss Brown — some wine ? — (these quaighs are  
 quite a treasure).

What, leave us now ? — I've much to ask of you —  
 But since you will go — for an hour adieu.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

But, Pringle — “ *à nos moutons revenons* ” —  
Cui bono's still the burden of my song —  
Cut off, with these good ladies, from society,  
Of savage life you soon must feel satiety :  
The mind requires fit exercise and food,  
Not to be found 'mid Afric's deserts rude.  
And what avail the spoils of wood and field,  
The fruits or wines your fertile valleys yield,  
Without that higher zest to crown the whole,—  
The feast of reason and the flow of soul ?  
Food, shelter, fire, suffice for savage men ;  
But can the comforts of your wattled den,  
Your sylvan fare and rustic tasks suffice  
For one who once seemed fairer joys to prize ?  
When erst, like Virgil's swains, we used to sing  
Of streams and groves, and “ all that sort of thing.”  
The spot we meant for our “ poetic den,”  
Was always within reach of books and men ;  
By classic Esk, for instance, or Tweed-side,  
With gifted friends within an easy ride ;  
Besides our college chum, the parish priest ;  
And the said den with six good rooms at least. —  
Here ! — save for her who shares and soothes your lot,  
You might as well squat in a Caffer's cot !  
Come now, be candid : tell me, my dear friend,  
Of your aspiring aims is this the end ?  
Was it for nature's wants, — fire, shelter, food,  
You sought this dreary, soul-less solitude ?  
Broke off your ties with men of cultured mind,  
Your native land, your early friends resigned ?

As if, believing, with insane Rousseau,  
Refinement the chief cause of human woe,  
You meant to realize that raver's plan,  
And be a philosophic Bosjesman !  
Be frank ; confess the fact you cannot hide —  
You sought this den from disappointed pride.

P.—You 've missed the mark, Fairbairn ; my breast  
is clear ;  
Nor wild Romance nor Pride allured me here :  
Duty and Destiny with equal voice  
Constrained my steps : I had no other choice.

---

## ADDRESS TO A STEAM VESSEL.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

FREIGHTED with passengers of every sort,  
A motley throng, thou leavest the busy port :  
Thy long and ample deck, where scattered lie  
Baskets and cloaks, and shawls of scarlet dye ;  
Where dogs and children through the crowd are  
straying,  
And, on his bench `apart, the fiddler playing,  
While matron dames to tresselled seats repair,  
Seems, on the gleamy waves, a floating fair.  
Its dark form on the sky's pale azure cast,  
Towers from this clust'ring group thy pillared mast.

The dense smoke issuing from its narrow vent  
Is to the air in curly volumes sent,  
Which, coiling and uncoiling in the wind,  
Trails like a writhing serpent far behind.  
Beneath, as each merged wheel its motion plies,  
On either side the white-churned waters rise,  
And, newly parted from the noisy fray,  
Track with light ridgy foam thy recent way,  
Then, far diverged, in many a welted line  
Of lustre on the distant surface shine.  
Thou hold'st thy course in independent pride ;  
No leave ask'st thou of either wind or tide.  
To whate'er point the breeze, inconstant, veer,  
Still doth thy careless helmsmen onward steer ;  
As if the stroke of some magician's wand  
Had lent thee power the ocean to command.

---

## THE INDIAN SERPENT-CHARMER.

*(Suggested by a picture by Stewardson.)*

BY THE REV. DR. CROLY.

THE bower is of the Indian drapery  
That weaves its living woof of flowers and fruits ;  
Red with the kisses of the amorous sun ;  
The roof is canopied crimson of the rose ,  
The floor is violet-bedded, here and there

Tinged with some bud fresh weeping from the roof,  
Or inlaid with rich flowers that force their way,  
Veining the blue, like gold in lazuli.

A form is in that bower, that might be thought  
Placed there for man to worship, or of those  
That sit on thrones o' the cloud, and wreath their  
wings

With pearls still wet from streams of Paradise.  
Yet she is human, and the silvery shawl,  
That, like a holy circle o'er a saint,  
Crowns her pale beauty, binds a weary brow,  
Besieged with memories that make it pale.

\* \* \* \* \*

She sits upon the ground, and one hand lifts  
A flute that presses from her soft lip sounds,  
Like the wind's wooing of the rose ; and one  
Holds a bright serpent in a silken band.  
Her eye is on him and his eye on her,  
As if she found in him one thing to love ;  
As if he felt her beauty, not her chain,  
And lived upon her melancholy smile.  
Her song has stirred him : it has stirred herself ;  
For on her eyelash hangs a glistening tear.  
The heart's quick tribute to times past and gone ;  
And such wild sporting as he can he tries  
Before her powerful eye, and suits his dance.  
Swifter or slower, to her wandering song.  
He shoots along the violet floor, and lies

Straight as a prostrate column, and as still  
As its pale marble ; then sweeps up his coil,  
Surge upon surge, and lays his gorgeous head  
With its fixed sleepless eye i' the centre ring,  
The watcher of his living citadel ;  
Then rolls away as loose as the sea wave.  
Anon, he stoops like the wild swan, and shows  
A neck as arched and silvery ; then the vine  
Must be outdone, and he's as lithe and curled,  
And glistens through the leaves as proud a green.  
But now the song grows loftier, and his pomp  
Must all be worn, to please his Indian queen.  
He rises from his train, that on the ground  
Floats in gold circles, and his burnished head  
Towers in the sunset like a rising flame ;  
And he has put on colours that make dim  
The stones o' the Indian mine ; his length is sheathed  
In mail, that has for plates the mother pearl,  
And for its studs the diamond : there's no ray  
That strikes his arched neck from the stooping sun  
But rings it with a collar of rich gems,  
Or sheets it in one emerald, or the flame  
Of rubies, or the orient sapphires blue.  
His head is crested topaz, that enspheres  
An eye as glittering as a summer star,  
Yet fixed in all its shootings on one form,  
That thanks its duty with a faint fond smile.  
So stands and shines he till the charm is done,  
And that sweet sound and sweeter smile have sunk  
In silence and in shade.



## TWILIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I LOVE thee, Twilight ; as thy shadows roll,  
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,  
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,  
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.  
I love thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart  
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,  
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind  
Awakens all the music of the mind,  
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,  
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns,  
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,  
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.  
Twilight ! I love thee ; let thy glooms increase,  
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace ;  
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,  
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,  
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,  
A world of wonders in the Poet's breast :  
Deeper, O Twilight ! then thy shadows roll,  
An awful vision opens on my soul.

## ROSABELLE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;  
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !  
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
 Nor tempt the stormy frith to-day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with white ;  
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;  
 The fishes have heard the water-sprite  
 Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted seer did view  
 A wet shroud swathe a ladye gay ;  
 Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch :  
 Why cross the gloomy frith to-day ? ”

“ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir  
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball ;  
 But that my ladye-mother there  
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“ 'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well ;  
But that my sire the wine will chide  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;  
'T was broader than the watch-fire light,  
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;  
'T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie ;  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose, — carved buttress fair, —  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle !  
Each one the holy vault doth hold —  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with knell ;  
But the sea-caves and the wild winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle !

---

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A  
HEATH.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

THIS Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—  
Such tents the Patriarchs loved ! O long unharmed  
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy  
The small round basin, which this jutting stone  
Keeps pure from falling leaves ! Long may the Spring,  
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,  
Send up cold waters to the traveller  
With soft and even pulse ! nor ever cease  
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,  
Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page,  
As merry and no taller, dances still,  
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.

Here twilight is and coolness : here is moss,  
A roft seat, and a deep and ample shade.  
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.  
Drink, Pilgrim, here ! here rest ! and if thy heart  
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh  
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,  
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees !

---

## THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

How does the water come down at Lodore ?

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling ;  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along, conflicting strong ;  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing.

Eddying and whisking,  
Sporting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
    Around and around,  
Collecting, disjecting  
    With endless rebound ;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in,  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.  
    Receding and speeding,  
    And shocking and rocking,  
    And darting and parting,  
    And threading and spreading,  
    And whizzing and hissing,  
    And dripping and skipping,  
    And whitening and brightening,  
    And quivering and shivering,  
    And chilling and splitting,  
    And shining and twining,  
    And rattling and battling,  
    And shaking and quaking,  
    And pouring and roaring,  
    And waving and raving,  
    And tossing and crossing,  
    And flowing and growing,  
    And running and stunning,  
    And hurrying and skurrying,  
    And glittering and flittering,  
    And gathering and feathering,

And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And juggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering,  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling, and doubling,  
Dividing, and gliding, and sliding,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering.  
And gleaming and streaming, and steaming and  
beaming,  
And rushing and flushing, and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping, and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling, and purling and twirling,  
Retreating and beating, and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying, and praying and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing, and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,  
And thumping and flumping, and bumping and  
jumping,  
And dashing and flashing, and splashing and clashing,  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down to Lodore.

## FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

BY LORD BYRON.

ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land — good night !

A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
My dog howls at the gate.

“ Come hither, hither, my little page !  
Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale ?



But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;  
Our ship is swift and strong :  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along."

" Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind ;  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind ;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee — and one above.

" My father blessed me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain ;  
But sorely will my mother sigh,  
Till I come back again." —  
" Enough, enough, my little lad !  
Such tears become thine eye ;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry."

" Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman  
Why dost thou look so pale ?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?  
Or shiver at the gale ? " —  
" Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“ My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make ? ”—  
“ Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay ;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

“ And now I ’m in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea :  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me ?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands ;  
But long ere I come back again,  
He ’d tear me where he stands.

“ With thee, my bark, I ’ll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine ;  
Nor care what land thou bearest me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !  
My native land — good night ! ”

## CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

THERE is nothing but plague in this house !  
 There's the turbot is stole by the cat,  
 The Newfoundland has ate up the grouse,  
 And the haunch has been gnawed by a rat !  
 It's the day of all days when I wished  
 That our friends would enjoy our good cheer ;  
 Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dished—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

Mr. Rudge has not called, but he will,  
 For his rates, church and highway, and poor ;  
 And the butcher has brought in his bill—  
 Twice as much as the quarter before ;  
 Little Charles is come home with the mumps,  
 And Matilda with measles, I fear ;  
 And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,  
 And your banker is off to New York ;  
 Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,  
 And the "Wiggins" has foundered near Cork.

Mr. Merrington's bill is come back ;  
You are chosen to serve overseer ;  
The new wall is beginning to crack —  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The best dinner-set 's fall'n to the ground ;  
The militia 's called out, and you're drawn ;  
Not a piece of our plate can be found,  
And there 's marks of men's feet on the lawn ;  
Two anonymous letters have come,  
That declare you shall die like a Weare ;  
And it may — or may not — be a hum —  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The old lawsuit with Levy is lost ;  
You are fined for not cleaning the street ;  
And the water-pipe 's burst with the frost,  
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.  
Your old tenant at seventy-four  
Has gone off in the night with his gear,  
And has taken the key of the door —  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's the " Sun" and the " Phœnix" to pay,  
For the chimney has blazed like Old Nick ;  
The new gig has been jammed by a dray,  
And the old horse has taken to kick.  
We have hardly a bushel of small,  
And now coal is extravagant dear ;  
Your great coat is stole out of the hall —  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The whole green-house is smashed by the hail,  
And the plants have all died in the night ;  
The magnolia's blown down by the gale,  
And the chimney looks far from upright ;  
And—the deuce take the man from the shop,  
That hung up the new glass chandelier !—  
It has come, in the end, to one drop—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—  
It's the same in the country and town :  
There's the porter has burned down his lodge,  
While he went off to smoke at the Crown.  
The fat butler makes free with your wine,  
And the footman has drunk the strong beer,  
And the coachman can't walk in a line—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your " Account of a Visit to Rome,"  
Not a critic on earth seems to laud ;  
And old Huggins is lately come home,  
And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude ;  
Your election is far from secure,  
Though it's likely to cost very dear ;  
You're come out in a caricature—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

You've been christened an ass in the Times,  
And the Chronicle calls you a fool ;  
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghrimes,  
Has engaged the next house for a school ;

And the play-ground will run by the bow'r  
That you took so much trouble to rear;  
We shall never have one quiet hour —  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Little John will not take to his book,  
He's come home black and blue from the cane ;  
There 's your uncle is courting his cook,  
And your mother has married again !  
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,  
And against them you'll have to appear ;  
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

---

## THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BY JOHN WILSON.

BESIDE her Babe, who sweetly slept,  
A widowed Mother sat, and wept  
O'er years of love gone by :  
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,  
She murmured her dead Husband's name  
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,  
For not one single friend she had  
On this cold-hearted Earth ;  
The sea will not give back its prey —  
And they were wrapt in foreign clay  
Who gave the Orphan birth.

While thus she sat — a sunbeam broke  
Into the room ; — the Babe awoke,  
And from his cradle smiled !  
Ah me ! what kindling smiles met there  
I know not whether was more fair,  
The Mother or her Child !

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,  
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,  
And to her bosom leapt —  
All tears at once were swept away,  
And said a face as bright as day, —  
“ Forgive me ! that I wept ! ”

Sufferings there are from Nature sprung,  
Ear hath not heard, nor Poet's tongue  
May venture to declare ;  
But this as Holy Writ is sure,  
“ The griefs she bids us here endure  
She can herself repair ! ”

## THE SINGING BIRD AT SEA.

BY MISS JEWSEBURY

It was a ship from Christendom,  
Traversing unknown seas ;  
Of fair Castile and of Aragon,  
The flag that kissed the breeze ;  
Few and poor the mariners were,  
Voyaging less in hope than fear.

Far behind they had left the land.  
The sea spread far before,  
And they were sailing to such a straud  
None ever had sought of yore :  
Their leader was not of high degree,  
But one whose mind was mystery.

He did not come from a hermitage,  
Yet he prayed with book and bead ;  
He read the stars like an eastern sage,  
And fought in the hour of need ;—  
Yet the dreams of his spirit were not of war ;  
But of islands hid in the main afar.



Of fair green isles, with treasures vast,  
Of spicery and of gold,  
Of seas where anchor was never cast,  
And hills of height untold ; —  
It were a glorious thing to view,  
If such bright dreams could now be true !

Fearful of rock and fearful of shoal,  
Few were the mates he won ;  
But he led them along in strength of soul,  
Along towards the setting sun, —  
Over the deep, where the waves are calm,  
And ever the wind is wandering balm.

Over the deep, and over the deep,  
By the same soft wind caressed,  
The sky above in a spotless sleep,  
Around them the waters' breast,  
Seven hundred leagues — but the land they  
sought  
Was viewless still as a dream or thought.

Seven hundred leagues, and threescore days  
Since the last shore they left ;  
How sad becomes each mariner's gaze :  
Of hope and joy bereft !  
How dwelleth now in the heart of each  
Madness that cannot be told by speech !

“ I have left behind me a gentle child, —  
I have angered an aged mother, —  
And I from my home, in passion wild  
Have lured an only brother !”  
“ Their curse be on him — yon dreamer dark” —  
Thus thought the crew of the wandering bark.

The sun went down on hearts more sad  
Than twice in one life may be,  
And when he arose he found them glad,  
Though still they were still on the sea ; —  
O human spirit ! — glad look and word  
Were all for the sake of a singing bird !

Such a bird as in spring-time may,  
Mid leaves and blossoms flitting,  
Please awhile with its dancing play  
One in an orchard sitting, —  
Pouring its soul in gushes strong,  
As if it would teach the air its song.

It sat all day on the mast and sails,  
An omen right good to view,  
For it told of land, and of dark green vales,  
And it told the mariners true.  
A prophet's promise — an angel's word —  
They were all in the note of that singing bird

## THE BULLY.

BY THE REV. G. CRABBE.

SIR HECTOR BLANE, the champion of the school,  
 Was very blockhead, but was formed for rule :  
 Learn he could not ; he said he could not learn,  
 But he professed it gave him no concern.  
 Books were his horror, dinner his delight,  
 And his amusement to shake hands and fight.  
 Argue he could not, but in case of doubt  
 Or disputation, fairly boxed it out :  
 This was his logic, and his arm so strong,  
 His cause prevailed, and he was never wrong ;  
 But so obtuse — you must have seen his look,  
 Desponding, angry, puzzled o'er his book.

Can you not see him on the morn that proved  
 His skill in figures ? Pluto's self was moved :  
 “ Come, six times five ? ” th' impatient teacher cried ;  
 In vain, the pupil shut his eyes, and sighed.  
 “ Try, six times count your fingers ; how he  
     stands !  
 Your fingers, idiot ! ” “ What, of both my hands ? ”

With parts like these his father felt assured,  
 In busy times, a ship might be procured ;

He too was pleased to be so early freed,  
He now could fight, and he in time might read.  
So he has fought, and in his country's cause  
Has gained him glory, and our heart's applause.  
No more the blustering boy a school defies,  
We see the hero from the tyrant rise,  
And in the captain's worth, the student's dulness dies.

“ Be all allowed,” replied the squire ; “ I give  
Praise to his actions ; may their glory live !  
Nay, I will hear him in his riper age  
Fight his good ship, and with the foe engage ;  
Nor will I quit him when the cowards fly,  
Although, like them, I dread his energy.

“ But still, my friend, that ancient spirit reigns :  
His powers support the credit of his brains,  
Insisting ever that he must be right,  
And for his reasons still prepared to fight.  
Let him a judge of England's prowess be,  
And all her floating terrors on the sea ;  
But this contents not, this is not denied,  
He claims a right on all things to decide,  
A kind of patent-wisdom ; and he cries,  
' 'Tis so ! ' and bold the hero that denies.  
Thus the boy-spirit still the bosom rules,  
And the world's maxims were at first the schools' ! ”

## THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
 Those bright blue eggs together laid !  
 On me the chance-discovered sight  
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.  
 I started — seeming to espy  
 The home and sheltered bed, —  
 The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,  
 My Father's House, in wet or dry,  
 My Sister Emmeline and I  
     Together visited.

She looked at it as if she feared it ;  
 Still wishing, dreading to be near it :  
 Such heart was in her, being then  
 A little Prattler among men.  
 The blessing of my later years  
 Was with me when a Boy :  
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;  
 And humble cares, and delicate fears ;  
 A heart the fountain of sweet tears ;  
     And love, and thought, and joy.

THE LADYBIRD.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

LADYBIRD, fair Ladybird,  
Thou may'st sing a song unheard  
By our gross, material ears,  
Which to highest Heaven may swell,  
Sweet, and clear, and voluble,  
As the warbling of the spheres !

Exquisitely formed, though small,  
Organs strong and musical,  
May by nature's grace be thine ;  
Which, when we, as erring men,  
Think thee dumb and sleeping, then  
May send up a song divine.

Birds no bigger than a span,  
Can outsing the giant man,  
And make hill and valley ring ; —  
Why, small creature, may not thou  
Loudly, eloquently now  
To the ears of angels sing ?

Somewhere nigh, the nightingale  
Tells again her amorous tale

To the sultry, sleepy June ; —  
Art thou listening, or thyself  
Singing to some tinier elf,  
A sweeter, livelier tune ?

Whether silent, whether heard,  
Welcome here, fair Ladybird,

Here enjoy thy natural leisure ; —  
All that bloometh here is thine,  
Just as much as it is mine, —  
Undisturbed, then take thy pleasure.

And when colder grows the sun,  
And thy summer's work is done,  
To thine home unknown retire,  
Till the punctual-coming spring,  
Shedding snowdrops from his wing,  
What seems dead shall re-inspire.

When the shifting swallows come,  
Hungering, to their alien home,  
Come thou duly back with them ;  
And in sunshine and in shower,  
Wing and wander round my bower,  
Glowing, glittering, insect-gem !

## ON A STATUE OF A DEAD CHILD.

BY MRS. ALARIO WATTS.

I saw thee in thy beauty, bright phantom of the past,  
 I saw thee for a moment, t'was the first time and the  
     last ;

And though years since then have glided by of  
     mingled bliss and care,

I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair !

I saw thee in thy beauty, thou wert graceful as the  
     fawn,

When in very wantonness of glee it sports upon the  
     lawn ;

I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,  
 The very air was musical with thy burst of wild  
     delight.

I saw thee in thy beauty, with thy sister by thy side,  
 She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride ;  
 I looked upon thy mother, there was triumph in her  
     eyes,

And I trembled for her happiness, for grief had  
     made me wise.



I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her  
 tress.

The silver with its gentle gleam had seemed a string  
 of pearls.

She hid the pretty response, and she said that though  
 she smiled.

And I knew not which was answer—the mother or  
 the child.

I saw thee in thy beauty, and a tear came to mine  
 eye.

As I remember thy face check'd in mine, and thought  
 of that radiant day :

Thy home was like a summer bowers by the joyous  
 fountain-side.

But I only saw the sunshine and I sat alone the  
 shade.

I saw thee in thy beauty, and a cloud passed o'er my  
 brow.

As I thought of one almost as fair — as fondly loved  
 as thou :

I remembered how at set of sun, I bled him as he  
 lay.

I remembered, ere its rising, how his soul had  
 passed away.

I saw thee in thy beauty, for there thou seem'st to lie.  
 In slumber resting peacefully, but, oh ! that change of  
 eye :

That still serenity of brow, those lips that breathe  
no more,  
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert  
of yore.

I see thee in thy beauty, thy waving hair at rest,  
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy  
breast;  
But thy merry dance is over, thy little race is run,  
And the mirror that reflected two can now give back  
but one.

I see thee in thy beauty, with thy mother by thy  
side,  
But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of  
pride;  
The smile is absent from her lips, and absent are  
the pearls,  
And a cap of almost widowhood conceals her envied  
curls.

I see thee in thy beauty, as I saw thee on *that* day,  
But the mirth that gladdened then thine home fled  
with thy life away;  
I see thee lying motionless upon the accustomed floor,  
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes, and I can  
see no more.

## THE POET'S RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O JOYFUL hour, when to our longing home  
 The long-expected wheels at length draw nigh !  
 When the first sound went forth, " They come ! they  
 come ! "

And hope's impatience quickened every eye !  
 " Never had man whom heaven would heap with bliss  
 More glad return, more happy hour than this."

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,  
 My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,  
 Waving his hat around his happy head :  
 And there a younger group, his sisters came ;  
 Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprise,  
 While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share  
 The cordial greeting, the beloved sight ;  
 What welcomings of hand and lip were there !  
 And when those overflowings of delight  
 Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,  
 Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

The young companion of our weary way  
 Found here the end desired of all her ills :  
 She who in sickness pining many a day  
     Hungered and thirsted for her native hills,  
 Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,  
 Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

Recovered now, the homesick mountaineer  
     Sate by the playmate of her infancy,  
 Her twin-like comrade,— rendered doubly dear  
     For that long absence : full of life was she,  
 With voluble discourse and eager mien  
 Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

Here silently between her parents stood  
     My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove ;  
 And gently oft from time to time she wooed  
     Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,  
 With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,  
 Soliciting again the wished caress.

The younger twain in wonder lost were they,  
     My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel :  
 Long of our promised coming, day by day,  
     It had been their delight to hear and tell ;  
 And now when that long-promised hour was come,  
 Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,

When to its second childhood life declines,  
A dim and troubled power doth memory hold :

But soon the light of young remembrance shines  
Renewed, and influences of dormant love  
Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings

Small feeling of privation, none of pain,  
Yet at the present object love re-springs,  
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again !  
Nor deem our second infancy unblest  
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be ;

Her old endearments each began to seek :  
And Isabel drew nigh to climb my knee,  
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek ;  
With voice and touch and look reviving thus  
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain

And comprehend the fulness of the joy ;  
The father, teacher, playmate, was again  
Come to his only and his studious boy :  
And he beheld again that mother's eye,  
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his  
infancy.

Bring forth the treasures now, — a proud display, —  
 For rich as Eastern merchants we return !  
 Behold the black Beguine, the Sister grey,  
 The Friars whose heads with sober motion turn,  
 The Ark well-filled with all its numerous hives,  
 Noah and Shem, and Ham and Japhet, and their  
 wives.

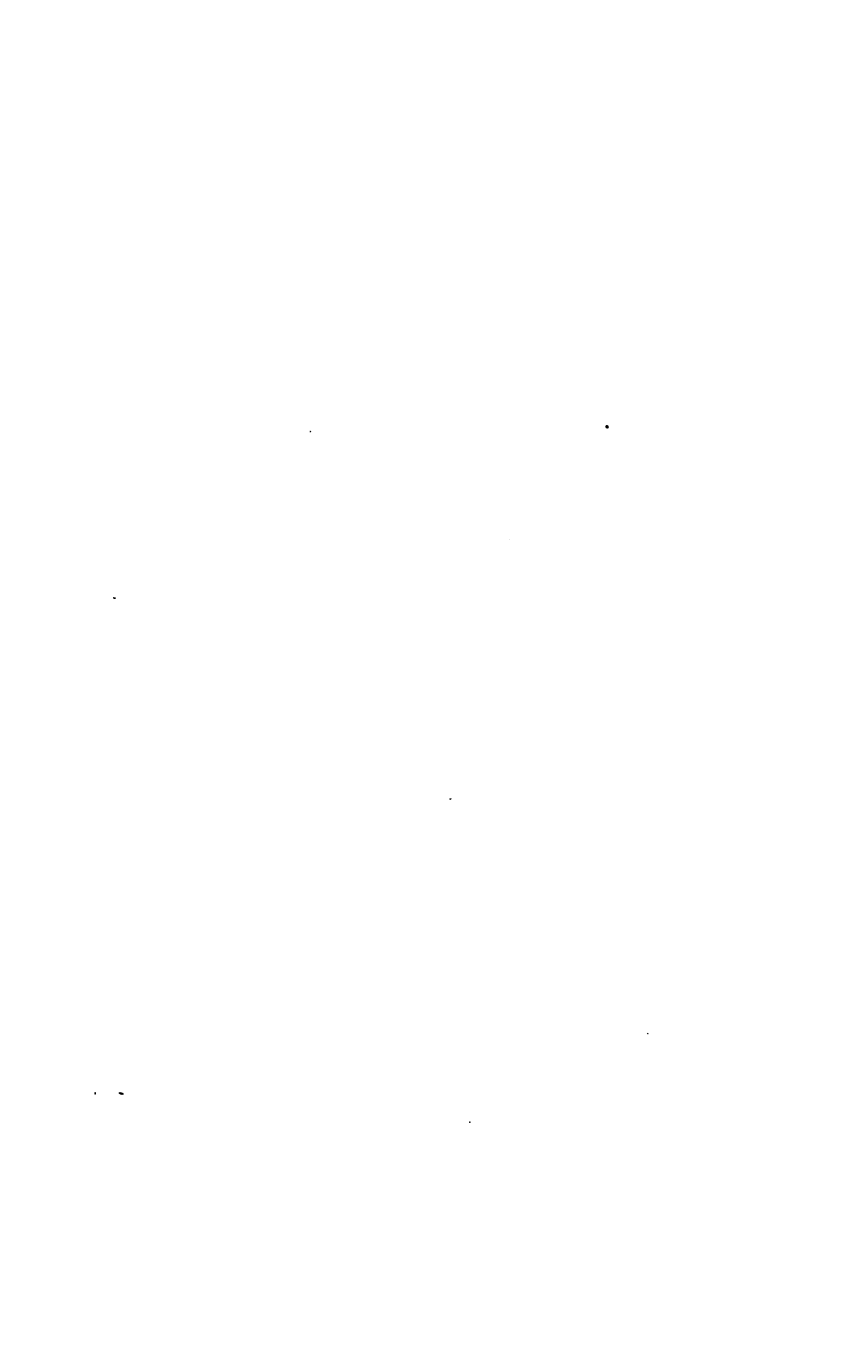
The Tumbler, loose of limb; the Wrestlers twain,  
 And many a toy beside of quaint device,  
 Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain  
 Their pasture on the mountains, hoar with ice,  
 The German shepherd carves with curious knife,  
 Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,  
 Who in their pleasure finds her own delight ;  
 The mother's heart-felt happiness the while ;  
 The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight ;  
 And he who in his gaiety of heart,  
 With glib and noisy tongue performed the show-  
 man's part.

## ENIGMA

BY LORD BYRON.

'T WAS whispered in heaven, and muttered in hell,  
 And Echo caught softly the words as they fell ;  
 In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.  
 It was seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder ;  
 'T will be found in the spheres when all riven asunder :  
 It was given to man with his earliest breath,  
 It assists at his birth, and attends him in death ;  
 Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health ;  
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth ;  
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound ;  
 And though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned,  
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,  
 But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir.  
 Without it the soldier and sailor may roam ;  
 But woe to the wretch that expels it from home.  
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,  
 Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned ;  
 It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,  
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.  
 But in shades let it rest, like an elegant flower ;  
 Oh ! breath on it softly — it dies in an hour !







POOR JACOB'S NEST.

## TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

POOR Singer ! hath the fowler's gun,  
 Or the sharp winter done thee harm ?  
 We'll lay thee gently in the sun,  
 And breathe on thee and keep thee warm ;  
 Perhaps some human kindness still  
 May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,  
 And save thee from the winter wild,  
 'Till summer fall on field and fell,  
 And thou shalt be our feathered child ;  
 And tell us all thy pain and wrong  
 When thou again canst speak in song.

Fear not nor tremble, little bird,  
 We'll use thee kindly now,  
 And sure there's in a friendly word  
 An accent even *thou* shouldst know :  
 For kindness which the heart doth teach,  
 Disdaineth all peculiar speech.

'T is common to the bird and brute,  
To fallen man, to angel bright ;  
And sweeter 't is than lonely lute  
Heard in the air at night :  
Divine and universal tongue,  
Whether by bird or spirit sung.

But hark ! is that a sound we hear  
Come chirping from its throat,  
Faint, short, but weak, and very clear,  
And like a little grateful note ?  
Another ? ha ! look where it lies,  
It shivers — gasps — is still — and dies !

'T is dead, 't is dead ! and all our care  
Is useless. Now, in vain  
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,  
Calling her nestling bird again !  
All 's vain, the singer's heart is cold,  
Its eye is dim — its fortune told !

## THE BECHUANA BOY.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

The chief incidents of this little tale were related to the author by an African boy, whom he first met with near the borders of the Great Karroo or Arid Desert. The expression of the orphan stranger, when asked about his kindred, was literally (as translated by him into broken Dutch)—“Ik jben alleenig in de waereld!” *i. e.* “I am all alone in the world!” A few slight circumstances, characteristic of the country, are almost all that has been added to poor Marossi's affecting narrative.

The system of outrage and oppression of which this story exhibits a specimen, has been ably developed by the Rev. Dr. Philip, in his “Researches in South Africa.”

The following terms perhaps require explanation for general readers:—

*Bergenaars*—Mountaineers, a marauding horde of Griqua or Muttatto lineage, inhabiting the skirts of the Stormberg mountains, beyond the north-eastern frontier of the Cape Colony.

*Bushman*.—A wild Hottentot.

*Garcepe*—Native name of the great Orange River.

*Springbok*—Antelope Pygarga or Euchore.

*Wild-dog*—*Wilde-hond* of the Colonists—*Hyæna Venatica*.

*Sea-Cow*, or *Zeekoe*—The Colonial term for the Hippopotamus.

*Utika*, *i. e.* Beautiful—The Supreme Spirit.

I SAT at noon-tide in my tent,  
And looked across the Desert dun,  
That 'neath the cloudless firmament  
Lay gleaming in the sun,  
When from the bosom of the waste  
A swarthy stripling came in haste,  
With foot unshod and naked limb,  
And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,  
And modestly before me stood,  
Caressing with a kindly hand  
That fawn of gentle brood ;  
Then, meekly gazing in my face,  
Said in the language of his race,  
With smiling look, yet pensive tone,  
“ Stranger, I’m in the world alone !”

“ Poor boy,” I said, “ thy kindred’s home,  
Beyond far Stormberg’s ridges blue,  
Why hast thou left so young, to roam  
This desolate Karroo ?”  
The smile forsook him while I spoke ;  
And when again he silence broke,  
It was with many a stifled sigh  
He told this strange sad history.

“ I have no kindred !” said the boy :  
“ The Bergenaars, by night they came,  
And raised their murder-shout of joy,  
While o’er our huts the flame  
Rushed like a torrent ; and their yell  
Pealed louder as our warriors fell  
In helpless heaps beneath their shot,  
One living man they left us not !

“ The slaughter o’er, they gave the slain  
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey ;  
And with our herds across the plain  
They hurried us away—

The widowed mothers and their brood :  
Oft, in despair, for drink and food  
We vainly cried, they heeded not,  
But with sharp lash the captives smote.

“ Three days we tracked that dreary wild,  
Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore ;  
And many a mother and her child  
Lay down to rise no more :  
Behind us, on the desert brown,  
We saw the vultures swooping down ;  
And heard, as the grim night was falling,  
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

“ At length was heard a river sounding  
Midst that dry and dismal land,  
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,  
We hurried to its strand ;  
Among the maddened cattle rushing,  
The crowd behind still forward pushing,  
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,  
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

“ Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep  
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,  
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep  
Loud snorting as we passed ;  
But that relentless robber clan  
Right through those waters wild and wan  
Drove on like sheep our captive host,  
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

“ All shivering from the foaming flood,  
We stood upon the stranger's ground,  
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,  
The white men gathered round :  
And there, like cattle from the fold,  
By Christians we were bought and sold,  
Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—  
And roughly from each other torn.

“ My mother's scream, so long and shrill,  
My little sister's wailing cry,  
(In dreams I often hear them still !)  
Rose wildly to the sky.  
A tiger's heart came to me then,  
And madly 'mong those ruthless men  
I sprang ! — Alas ! dashed on the sand,  
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

“ Away—away on bounding steeds  
The white man-stealers fleetly go,  
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,  
O'er mountains capped with snow,—  
Each with his captive, far and fast ;  
Until yon rock-bound ridge was passed,  
And distant stripes of cultured soil  
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

“ And tears and toil have been my lot  
Since I the white man's thrall became,  
And sorer griefs I wish forgot —  
Harsh blows and burning shame.

Oh, English chief ! thou ne'er canst know  
The injured bondman's bitter woe,  
When round his heart, like scorpions, cling  
Black thoughts, that madden while they sting ?

“ Yet this hard fate I might have borne,  
And taught in time my soul to bend,  
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn  
But found a single friend :  
My race extinct or far removed,  
The boor's rough brood I could have loved —  
But each to whom my bosom turned  
Even like a hound the black boy spurned !

“ While friendless thus, my master's flocks  
I tended on the upland waste,  
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,  
By wolfish wild-dogs chased :  
I rescued it, though wounded sore,  
All dabbled with its mother's gore,  
And nursed it in a cavern wild  
Until it loved me like a child.

“ Gently I nursed it ; for I thought  
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)  
By good Utika it was brought,  
To bid me not repine —  
Since in this world of wrong and ill  
One creature lived to love me still,  
Although its dark and dazzling eye  
Beamed not with human sympathy.



“ Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,  
My task the proud boor's flocks to tend ;  
And this pet fawn was all I had  
To love, or call my friend ;  
When, suddenly, with haughty look  
And taunting words, that tyrant took  
My playmate for his pampered boy,  
Who envied me my only joy.

“ High swelled my heart!—But when the star  
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led  
My bounding favourite forth, and far  
Into the Desert fled.  
And there, from human kind exiled,  
Four moons on roots and berries wild  
I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey  
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

“ But yester morn a Bushman brought  
The tidings that thy tents were here,  
And now rejoicingly I've sought  
Thy presence, void of fear ;  
Because they say, O English chief,  
Thou scornest not the captive's grief:  
Then let me serve thee, as thine own,  
For I am in the world alone !”

Such was Marossi's touching tale,  
Our breasts they were not made of stone —  
His words, his winning looks prevail —  
We took him for “ our own :”

And one, with woman's gentle art,  
Unlocked the fountains of his heart,  
And love gushed forth, till he became  
Her *child*—in every thing but name.

---

## THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

AN AMERICAN LEGEND.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

" THEY made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true ;  
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
She'll paddle her white canoe.

" And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
And her paddle I soon shall hear ;  
Long and loving our life shall be,  
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
When the footstep of Death is near !"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds —  
His path was rugged and sore,  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
And many a fen, where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,  
     If slumber his eyelids knew,  
 He lay where the deadly vine doth weep  
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
     The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,  
     And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,  
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
 " Oh ! when shall I see the dusky lake,  
     And the white canoe of my dear ? "

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright  
     Quick over its surface played —  
 " Welcome," he said, " my dear one's light ! "  
 And the dim shore echoed for many a night  
     The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark  
     Which carried him off from the shore ;  
 Far he followed the meteor spark,  
 The winds were high and the clouds were dark,  
     And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,  
     This lover and maid so true  
 Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,  
 To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,  
     And paddle their white canoe.

## THE FACTORY.

BY MISS LONDON.

THERE rests a shade above yon town,  
 A dark funereal shroud :  
 'T is not the tempest hurrying down,  
 'T is not a summer cloud.

The smoke that rises on the air  
 Is as a type and sign ;  
 A shadow flung by the despair  
 Within those streets of thine.

That smoke shuts out the cheerful day,  
 The sunset's purple hues,  
 The moonlight's pure and tranquil ray,  
 The morning's pearly dews.

Such is the mortal atmosphere  
 Around thy daily life ;  
 Heavy with care, and pale with fear,  
 With future tumult rife.

There rises on the morning wind  
 A low appealing cry,  
 A thousand children are resigned  
 To sicken and to die !

We read of Moloch's sacrifice,  
We sicken at the name,  
And seem to hear the infant cries —  
And yet we do the same ; —

And worse — 't was but a moment's pain  
The heathen altar gave,  
But we give years, — our idol, Gain,  
Demands a living grave !

How precious is the little one,  
Before his mother's sight,  
With bright hair dancing in the sun,  
And eyes of azure light !

He sleeps as rosy as the south,  
For summer days are long ;  
A prayer upon the little mouth,  
Lulled by his nurse's song.

Love is around him, and his hours  
Are innocent and free ;  
His mind essays its early powers  
Beside his mother's knee.

When after-years of trouble come,  
Such as await man's prime,  
How will he think of that dear home,  
And childhood's lovely time !

And such should childhood ever be,  
The fairy-well, to bring  
To life's worn, weary memory,  
The freshness of its spring.

But here the order is reversed,  
And infancy, like age,  
Knows of existence but its worst,  
One dull and darkened page ;

Written with tears, and stamped with toll,  
Crushed from the earliest hour,  
Weeds darkening on the bitter soil  
That never knew a flower.

Look on yon child, it droops the head,  
Its knees are bowed with pain ;  
It mutters from its wretched bed,  
" Oh, let me sleep again ! "

Alas ! 't is time, the mother's eyes  
Turn mournfully away ;  
Alas ! 't is time, the child must rise,  
And yet it is not day.

The lantern's lit — she hurries forth,  
The spare cloak's scanty fold  
Scarce screens her from the snowy north,  
The child is pale and cold.

And wearily the little hands  
Their task accustomed ply ;  
While daily, some mid those pale bands,  
Droop, sicken, pine, and die.

Good God ! to think upon a child  
That has no childish days,  
No careless play, no frolics wild,  
No words of prayer and praise !

Man from the cradle — 't is too soon  
To earn their daily bread,  
And heap the heat and toil of noon  
Upon an infant's head.

To labour ere their strength be come,  
Or starve, — is such the doom  
That makes of many an English home  
One long and living tomb ?

Is there no pity from above, —  
No mercy in those skies ;  
Hath then the heart of man no love,  
To spare such sacrifice ?

Oh, England ! though thy tribute waves  
Proclaim thee great and free,  
While these small children pine like slaves,  
There is a curse on thee !

## ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

BY JOHN KEATS.

THE Poetry of Earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :  
 That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead  
 In summer luxury, — he has never done  
 With his delights ; for, when tired out with fun,  
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
 Hath wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
 The grasshopper among the grassy hills.



TO MY LITTLE COUSIN, WITH HER  
FIRST BONNET.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

FAIRIES ! guard the baby's bonnet !  
Set a special watch upon it ;  
Elfin people ! to your care  
I commit it fresh and fair ;  
Neat as neatness,— white as snow, —  
See ye keep it ever so.

Watch and ward set all about,  
Some within, and some without :  
Over it, with dainty hand,  
One her kirtle green expand ;  
Two or three about the bow  
Vigilant concern bestow.  
A score, at least, on either side,  
'Gainst evil accident provide ; —  
Fall, or jar, or overlay ;  
And so the precious charge convey  
Through all the dangers of the way.  
But when those are battled through,  
Fairies ! more remains to do :  
Ye must gift, before ye go,  
The bonnet and the babe also.

Gift it to protect her well,  
Fays ! from all malignant spell ;  
Charms and seasons to defy,  
Blighting wind and evil eye.

And the bonny babe ! on her,  
All your choicest gifts confer.  
Just as much of wit and sense  
As may be hers, without pretence ;  
Just as much of grace and beauty  
As shall not interfere with duty ;  
Just as much of sprightliness  
As shall companion gentleness ;  
Just as much light-hearted cheer  
As may be melted to a tear,  
By a word, — a tone, — a look —  
Pity's touch, or love's rebuke.  
As much of frankness, bland and free,  
As may consort with modesty ;  
As much of feeling, as will bear  
Of after-life the wear and tear ;  
As much of life — but, fairies ! there  
Ye vanish into thinnest air !  
And with ye parts the playful vein,  
That loved a light and trivial strain.  
Befits me better, babe ! for thee  
To invoke Almighty agency ; —  
Almighty love — Almighty power,  
To nurture up the human flower ;

To cherish it with heavenly dew,  
Sustain with earthly blessings too ;  
And when the ripe full time shall be,  
Engraft it on eternity.

---

## THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

BY T. H. BAILEY.

I NEVER was a favourite,  
My mother never smiled  
On me with half the tenderness  
That blessed her fairer child :  
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,  
While fondled on her knee ;  
I've turned away to hide my tears, —  
There was no kiss for me !

And yet I strove to please, with all  
My little store of sense ;  
I strove to please, and infancy  
Can rarely give offence ;  
But when my artless efforts met  
A cold ungentle check,  
I did not dare to throw myself  
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful !  
Love watches o'er their birth ;  
Oh, beauty ! in my nursery  
I learned to know thy worth,—  
For even there, I often felt  
Forsaken and forlorn ;  
And wished — for others wished it too —  
I never had been born !

I 'm sure I was affectionate, —  
But in my sister's face  
There was a look of love that claimed  
A smile or an embrace ;  
But when I raised my lip, to meet  
The pressure children prize,  
None knew the feelings of my heart —  
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh ! that heart too keenly felt  
The anguish of neglect ;  
I saw my sister's lovely form  
With gems and roses decked ;  
I did not covet them ; but oft,  
When wantonly reproved,  
I envied her the privilege  
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came —  
A time of sorrow too —  
For sickness o'er my sister's form  
Her venom'd mantle threw.

The features, once so beautiful,  
Now wore the hue of death ;  
And former friends shrank fearfully  
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then unwearied, day and night,  
I watched beside her bed,  
And fearlessly upon my breast  
I pillowed her poor head.  
She lived — she loved me for my care !  
My grief was at an end ;  
I was a lonely being once,  
But now I have a friend !

---

## THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

A SLANTING ray of living light  
Shoots through the yellow pane ;  
It makes the faded crimson bright,  
And gilds the fringe again :  
The window's gothic frame-work falls,  
In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,  
How many a cloudless day,  
To rob the velvet of its hue,  
Has come and passed away !  
How many a setting sun hath made  
That curious lattice-work of shade !

Crumbled beneath the hillock green,  
The cunning hand must be,  
That carved this fretted-door, I ween,  
Acorn, and fleur-de-lis ;  
And now the worm hath done her part  
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),  
When the first James was king,  
The courtly knight from yonder hall  
His train did hither bring ;  
All seated round in order due,  
With 'broidered suit and buckled shoe.


On damask cushions decked with fringe,  
All reverently they knelt ;  
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,  
In ancient English spelt,  
Each holding in a lily hand ;  
Responsive to the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle,  
The sunbeam long and lone  
Illumes the characters awhile  
Of their inscription-stone ;  
And there, in marble hard and cold,  
The knight with all his train behold :

Outstretched together are expressed  
He and my lady fair ;  
With hands uplifted on the breast  
In attitude of prayer ;  
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he,—  
With ruffled arm and boddice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,  
Their numerous offspring bend,  
Devoutly kneeling side by side,  
As if they did intend  
For past omissions to atone,  
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim ;  
But generations new,  
In regular descent from him,  
Have filled that stately pew ;  
And in the same succession go  
To occupy the vault below.



And now the polished, modern squire,  
And his gay train appear ;  
Who duly to the hall retire,  
A season every year ;  
And fill the seats with belle and beau,  
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread  
The hollow-sounding floor  
Of that dark house of kindred dead,  
Which shall, as heretofore,  
In turn receive to silent rest  
Another, and another guest.

The feathered hearse and sable train,  
In all their wonted state,  
Shall wind along the village lane,  
And stand before the gate ;  
Brought many a distant country through  
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,  
All in their dusty beds,  
Still shall the mellow evening ray  
Shine gaily o'er their heads :  
While other faces fresh and new  
Shall fill the squire's respected pew.



## ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

DEAR native regions, I foretel,  
From what I feel at this farewell,  
That wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,  
And whensoe'er my course shall end ;  
If in that hour a single tie  
Survive of local sympathy,  
My soul will cast a backward view,  
The longing look alone on you :  
Thus when the sun prepared for rest  
Hath gained the precincts of the west,  
Tho' his departing radiance fail  
To illuminate the hollow vale,  
A lingering light he fondly throws  
On the dear hills where first he rose.

## THE PILGRIM.

BY MISS L. E. L.

VAIN folly of another age,—  
 This wand'ring over earth,  
 To find the peace by some dark sin  
 Banished our household hearth.

On Lebanon the dark green pines  
 Wave over sacred ground,  
 And Carmel's consecrated rose  
 Springs from a hallowed mound.

Glorious the truth they testify,  
 And blessed is their name ;  
 But even in such sacred spot  
 Are sin and woe the same.

Oh pilgrim ! vain each toilsome step,  
 Vain every weary day ;  
 There is no charm in soil or shrine  
 To wash thy guilt away.

Return, with prayer and tear return,  
 To those who weep at home ;  
 To dry their tears will more avail,  
 Than o'er a world to roam.

There's hope for one who leaves with shame  
The guilt that lured before :  
Remember, HE who said "repent,"  
Said also, "sin no more."

Return, and in thy daily round  
Of duty and of love  
Thou best wilt find that patient faith  
Which lifts the soul above.

In every innocent prayer each child  
Lisps at his father's knee :—  
If thine has been to teach that prayer,  
There will be hope for thee.

There is a small white church that stands  
Beside thy father's grave,  
There kneel and pour those earnest prayers  
That sanctify and save.

Around thee draw thine own home ties,  
And, with a chastened mind,  
In meek well-doing seek that peace  
No wandering will find.

In charity and penitence  
Thy sin will be forgiven ;—  
Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine  
Whence prayers ascend to Heaven.

## PROVIDENCE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

JUST as a mother with sweet pious face  
 Yearns towards her little children from her seat,  
 Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,  
 Takes this<sup>7</sup> upon her knee, that on her feet ;  
 And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,  
 She learns their feelings and their various will,  
 To this a look, to that a word dispenses,  
 And whether stern or smiling loves them still ;—  
 So Providence for us, high, infinite,  
 Makes our necessities its watchful task,  
 Harkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants ;  
 And e'en if it denies what seems our right,  
 Either denies because 'twould have us ask,  
 Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

\* It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

THE bark that held a prince went down,  
 The sweeping waves rolled on ;  
 And what was England's glorious crown  
 To him that wept a son ?  
 He lived — for life may long be borne  
 Ere sorrow break its chain ;  
 Why comes not death to those who mourn ? —  
 He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
 The stately and the brave,  
 But which could fill the place of one,  
 That one beneath the wave ?  
 Before him passed the young and fair,  
 In pleasure's reckless train,  
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair —  
 He never smiled again.

He sat where festal bowls went round,  
He heard the minstrel sing ;  
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,  
Amidst the knightly ring :  
A murmur of the restless deep  
Was blent with every strain,  
A voice of winds that would not sleep, —  
He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace  
Of vows once fondly poured,  
And strangers took the kinsman's place  
At many a joyous board ;  
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,  
Were left to heaven's bright rain,  
Fresh hopes were born for other years —  
He never smiled again !

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

*From the Italian of Vincent Bourne.*

BY CHARLES LAMB.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,  
 Carries his house with him where'er he goes ;  
 Peeps out — and if there comes a shower of rain,  
 Retreats to his small domicile amain.  
 Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 'tis well—  
 He curls up in his sanctuary shell.  
 He's his own landlord, his own tenant ; stay  
 Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.  
 Himself he boards and lodges ; both invites,  
 And feasts, himself ; sleeps with himself o' nights.  
 He spares the upholster trouble to procure  
 Chattels ; himself is his own furniture,  
 And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam—  
 Knock when you will he's sure to be at home.

# **BALLAD OF THE SAILOR'S CHILDREN.**

**FATHER!** why linger on the waves? Our kitchen  
           fire burns bright,  
 And shines upon your empty chair, a-welcoming the  
           night ;  
 The sun has seen us all day long, listening your step  
           to hear —  
 Why come you not across the sea—our father, ever  
           dear !

Long time since first you went away ! We counted  
           as it past ;  
 And this was to have been the day you would return  
           at last :  
 Oh ! how our hearts beat as it came, with thinking  
           upon you,  
 And how we wearied for the dawn—our father,  
           ever true !

We watched, and saw the morning sun far in the east  
           appear :  
 “ He must be on his way (we said)—he must be  
           very near.”  
 We watched, and saw the evening sun decline far in  
           the west :  
 “ He'll come before 't is night (we said)—our father,  
           ever best !”



Night has brought only clouds and storms: we  
 heard the wild sea-mew,  
 And in its shrieks we thought it bade us go a-seeking  
 you.

All day we waited at the door, your smile and kiss  
 to find,  
 But now we stand upon the shore—our father, ever  
 kind !

And wherefore come you not? The waves begin to  
 swell and dash,  
 And through the black clouds, far away, we see the  
 lightning flash ;  
 The wind is bursting from the sky, and lashing up  
 the flood—  
 O Heaven protect the ship that holds our father,  
 ever good !

No mother now have we to pray for you at night  
 and morn,  
 Or dress us in our best array the day you should  
 return ;  
 She is not here to kiss your brow, wet with the salt-  
 sea wave,  
 If cold and weary-worn wert thou—our father,  
 ever brave !

But come—oh, come ! And you will see how  
 bright the fire will blaze ;  
 And we will, as she bade us, be your children good  
 always ;

And though that she is dead and gone, we would  
not have you pine,  
Or stay away — for are not we — our father — ever  
thine !

And when you weary, we will bring, as we did long  
ago,  
Our chairs about your knees, and sing, “ The Stormy  
Winds do blow ; ”  
And we can tell you all again the stories that she  
told,  
How you fought the French, upon the main — our  
father, ever bold !

Oh ! ever as the lightning gleams, we think we see  
you nigh ;  
And ever as the wild wind screams, we think we  
hear you cry ;  
And ever as the towering tide sends up its hissing  
spray,  
We think upon our mother dead, and father, far  
away !

But she said we would not be alone, and therefore  
should not weep,  
For He that cares for the shorn-lamb would watch  
you on the deep,  
And in His Own time send to us, across the weary  
wave,  
Our father, ever dear, and true, and kind, and good,  
and brave !

## THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

BY T. MOORE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given ;  
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —  
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even ;  
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb, —  
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven ;  
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way —  
There's nothing calm but Heaven !

## THE ANGLO-INDIAN EXILE.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

UPON the Ganges' regal stream  
The sun's bright splendours rest,  
And gorgeously the noontide beam  
Reposes on its breast ;  
But in a small secluded nook,  
Beyond the western sea,  
There rippling glides a narrow brook  
That's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,  
Caressing to be fed,  
And spreads its plumes at my command,  
And stoops its purple head ;  
But where the robin, humble guest,  
Comes flying from the tree,  
Which bears its unpretending nest,  
Alas ! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,  
A meteor swift and bright,  
And the wide space around, on high,  
Gleams with its emerald light :

Though glory tracks that shooting star,  
And bright its splendours shine,  
The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far  
To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer year the flowers,  
In all the flush of bloom,  
Clustering around the forest bowers,  
Exhale their rich perfume.  
The daisy and the primrose pale,  
Though scentless they may be,  
That gem a far, far distant vale,  
Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opes its chalices,  
Upon the tank's broad lake,  
Where India's stately palaces  
Their ample mirrors make :  
But reckless of each tower and dome,  
The splendid and the grand,  
I languish for a cottage home,  
Within my native land.

## AN ITALIAN SONG.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To every passing villager.  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours  
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
Or crowns of living laurel weave,  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The ballet danced in twilight glade,  
The canzonet and roundelay  
Sung in the silent greenwood shade ;  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.

TO A CHILD AFTER AN INTERVAL OF  
ABSENCE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I miss thee from my side,  
With thy merry eyes and blue ;  
From thy crib at morning-tide,  
Oft its curtains peeping through ; —  
In the kisses, not a few,  
Thou wert wont to give me then ;  
In thy sleepy, sad adieu,  
When'twas time for bed again !

I miss thee from my side,  
With thy query oft repeated ;  
On thy rocking-horse astride,  
Or beneath my table seated : —  
Or when tired, and overheated  
With a summer-day's delight,  
Many a childish aim defeated,  
Sleep hath overpowered thee quite !

I miss thee from my side,  
When brisk Punch is at the door ;—  
Vainly pummels he his bride,—  
Judy's wrongs can charm no more !  
He may beat her till she's sore,  
She may die, and he may flee ;  
Though I loved their squalls of yore,  
What's the pageant now to me !

I miss thee from my side,  
When the light of day grows pale ;  
When with eyelids opened wide,  
Thou wouldst list the oft-told tale,  
And the murdered babes bewail ;  
Yet so greedy of thy pain,  
That, when all my lore would fail,  
I must needs begin again !

I miss thee from my side  
In the haunts that late were thine ;  
Where thy twinkling feet would glide,  
And the clasping fingers twine ;  
Here are chequered tumblers, nine,—  
Silent relics of the play,—  
Here the mimic tea-things shine  
Thou wouldst wash the live-long day !



Thy drum hangs on the wall ;  
Thy bird-organ's sounds are o'er ;  
Dogs and horses great and small —  
Wanting some a leg or more ;  
Cows and sheep—a motley store—  
All are stabled 'neath thy bed ;  
And not one but can restore  
Memories sweet of him that's fled !

I miss thee from my side,  
Blithe cricket of my hearth !  
Oft in secret have I sighed  
For thy chirping voice of mirth :  
When the low-born cares of earth  
Chill my heart, or dim my eye,  
Grief is stifled in its birth,  
If my little prattler's nigh !

I miss thee from my side,  
With thy bright, ingenuous smile ;  
With thy glance of infant pride,  
And the face no tears defile : —  
Stay, and other hearts beguile,  
Hearts that prize thee fondly too ;  
I must spare thy pranks awhile ;  
Cricket of my hearth, adieu !

## KING CANUTE.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

UPON his royal throne he sate,  
In a Monarch's thoughtful mood ;  
Attendants on his regal state  
His servile courtiers stood,  
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,  
To win his smile, his favour gain.

They told him e'en the mighty deep  
His kingly sway confest ;  
That he could bid its billows leap,  
Or still its stormy breast.  
He smiled contemptuously, and cried  
" Be then my boasted empire tried."

Down to the ocean's sounding shore  
The proud procession came,  
To see its billows' wild uproar  
King Canute's power proclaim ;  
Or, at his high and dread command,  
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so, thought he, their noble king,  
As his course he sea-ward sped ; —  
And each base slave, like a guilty thing,  
Hung down his conscious head ; —  
He knew the Ocean's Lord on high !  
They that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,  
He lifted his sceptre there ;  
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,  
The waves their strife forbear : —  
And, while he spoke his royal will,  
All but the winds and waves were still !

Louder the stormy blast swept by,  
In scorn of his idle word ;  
The briny deep its waves toss'd high,  
By his mandate undeterred,  
As threat'ning in their angry play,  
To sweep both king and court away.

The Monarch, with upbraiding look,  
Turned to the courtly ring ;  
But none the kindling eye could brook  
Even of his earthly king ;  
For, in that wrathful glance, they see  
A mightier Monarch wrong'd than he !

Canute ! thy regal race is run ;  
Thy name were passed away,  
But for the meed this tale hath won,  
Which never shall decay :  
Its meek, unperishing renown,  
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

The Persian, in his mighty pride,  
Forged fetters for the main ;  
And when its floods his power defied  
Inflicted stripes as vain : —  
But it was worthier far of thee  
To know thyself, than rule the sea !

---

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,  
Of wild and careless play,  
And persuade myself that I am not old,  
And my locks are not yet grey ;  
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
And makes his pulses fly,  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years ;  
And *they* say that I am old,  
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,  
And my years are well nigh told.  
It is very true, it is very true ;  
I'm old, and " I bide my time ;"  
But my heart will leap at a scene like this  
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,  
In the midst of your merry ring ;  
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
And the rush of the breathless swing :  
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
And I whoop the smothered call ;  
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,  
And I shall be glad to go ;  
For the world is at best a weary place,  
And my pulse is getting low :  
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail  
In treading its gloomy way ;  
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness  
To see the young so gay.

## STANZAS.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window, where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily cups—  
Those flowers made of light ;  
The lilacs, where the robins built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day—  
*The tree* is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air would rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;

—My spirit flew in feathers, then,  
That is so heavy, now ;  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees, dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender spires  
Were close against the sky ;  
It was a childish ignorance,—  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven,  
Than when I was a boy !

---

### THE SICILIAN VESPER.

SILENCE o'er sea and earth  
With the veil of evening fell,  
Till the convent tower sent deeply forth  
The chime of its vesper bell.  
One moment — and that solemn sound  
Fell heavily on the ear ;  
But a sterner echo passed around ;  
And the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks thronged up,  
    In the torch-light cold and dim ;  
And the priest let fall his incense-cup,  
    And the virgin hushed her hymn ;  
For a boding clash and a clanging tramp,  
    And a summoning voice was heard ;  
And fretted wall and tombstone damp  
    To the fearful echo stirred.

The peasant heard the sound,  
    As he sat beside his hearth ;  
And the song and the dance were hushed around,  
    With the fireside tale of mirth.  
The chieftain shook in his bannered hall,  
    As the sound of fear drew nigh :  
And the warder shrank from the castle wall,  
    As the gleam of spears went by.

Wo ! — wo ! — to the stranger then,  
    At the feast and flow of wine,  
In the red array of mailed men,  
    Or bowed at the holy shrine ;  
For the wakened pride of an injured land  
    Had burst its iron thrall :  
From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band,  
    Wo ! — wo ! — to the sons of Gaul !

Proud beings fell that hour,  
    With the young and passing fair,  
And the flame went up from dome and tower ;  
    The avenger's arm was there !



The stranger priest at the altar stood,  
And clasped his beads in prayer,  
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood ;  
The avenger found him there !

Wo ! — wo ! — to the sons of Gaul,  
The serf and mailed lord ;  
They were gathered darkly, one and all,  
To the harvest of the sword ;  
And the morning sun with a quiet smile  
Shone out o'er hill and glen,  
On ruined temple and mouldering pile,  
And the ghastly forms of men.

Aye the sunshine sweetly smiled,  
As its early glance came forth ;  
It had no sympathy with the wild  
And terrible things of earth ;  
And the man of blood that day might read,  
In a language freely given,  
How ill his dark and midnight deed  
Became the calm of heaven.

## THE SHIP'S DEPARTURE.

BY JOHN WILSON.

AND lo ! upon the murmuring waves  
A glorious shape appearing !  
A broad-winged vessel through the shower  
Of glimmering lustre steering !  
As if the beauteous ship enjoyed  
The beauty of the sea,  
She lifteth up her stately head,  
And saileth joyfully.  
A lovely path before her lies,  
A lovely path behind ;  
She sails amid the loveliness,  
Like a thing with heart and mind.  
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,  
Slowly she beareth on ;  
A glorious phantom of the deep,  
Risen up to meet the moon.  
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall  
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,  
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea  
To cheer the gliding vision sings.  
Oh ! ne'er did sky and water blend  
In such a holy sleep,

Or bathe in brighter quietude  
A roamer of the deep.  
So far the peaceful soul of Heaven  
Hath settled on the sea,  
It seems as if this weight of calm  
Were from eternity.  
O world of waters ! the steadfast earth  
Ne'er lay entranced like thee !

Is she a vision wild and bright  
That sails amid the still moon-light  
At the dreaming soul's command ?  
A vessel borne by magic gales,  
All rigged with gossamery sails,  
And bound for fairy land ?  
Ah no !—an earthly freight she bears,  
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears ;  
And lonely as she seems to be,  
Thus left by herself on a moonlight sea,  
In loneliness that rolls,  
She hath a constant company,  
In sleep or waking revelry,  
Five hundred human souls !  
Since first she sailed from fair England,  
Three moons her path have cheered ;  
And another lights her lovelier lamp  
Since the Cape hath disappeared.  
For an Indian isle she shapes her way :  
With constant mind both night and day  
She seems to hold her home in view,

And sails as if the path she knew ;  
So calm and stately is her motion  
Across the unfathomed trackless ocean.

And well, glad vessel ! mayst thou stem  
The tide with lofty breast,  
And lift thy queen-like diadem  
O'er these thy realms of rest :  
For a thousand beings, now far away,  
Behold thee in their sleep,  
And hush their beating hearts to pray  
That a calm may clothe the deep.  
When dimly descending behind the sea  
From the Mountain Isle of Liberty,  
Oh ! many a sigh pursued thy vanish'd sail :  
And oft an eager crowd will stand,  
With straining gaze on the Indian strand,  
Thy wonted gleam to hail.  
For thou art laden with beauty and youth,  
With honour bold and spotless truth ;  
With fathers who have left in a home of rest  
Their infants smiling at the breast ;  
With children who have bade their parents farewell,  
Or who go to the land where their parents dwell.  
God speed thy course, thou gleam of delight !  
From rock and tempest clear ;  
Till signal gun from friendly height  
Proclaim, with thundering cheer,  
To joyful groups on the harbour bright,  
That the good ship HOPE is near !

## THE SHIP'S RETURN.

BY JOHN WILSON.

THE pier-head with a restless crowd  
 Seems all alive ; there, voices loud  
 Oft raise the thund'rous cheer,  
 While, from on board the ship of war,  
 The music bands both near and far  
 Are playing faint or clear.  
 The bells ring quick a joyous peal,  
 Till the very spires appear to feel  
 The joy that stirs throughout their tapering height.  
 Ten thousand flags and pendants fly  
 Abroad, like meteors in the sky,  
 So beautiful and bright.  
 And, while the storm of pleasure raves  
 Through each tumultuous street,  
 Still strikes the ear one darling tune,  
 Sung hoarse, or warbled sweet ;  
 Well doth it suit the first of June, —  
 “ Britannia rules the waves ! ”

What ship is she that rises slow  
 Above the horizon — white as snow,  
 And covered as she sails  
 By the bright sunshine, fondly wooed

In her calm beauty, and pursued  
By all the Ocean gales ?  
Well doth she know this glorious morn,—  
And by her subject waves is borne,  
As in triumphal pride :  
And now the gazing crowd descry,  
Distinctly floating on the sky,  
Her pendants long and wide.  
The outward forts she now hath passed ;  
Loftier and loftier towers her mast ;  
You almost hear the sound  
Of the billows rushing past her sides,  
As giant-like she calmly glides  
Through the dwindled ships around.  
Saluting thunders rend the Main !  
Short silence — and they roar again,  
And veil her in a cloud :  
Then up leap all her fearless crew,  
And cheer till shore, and city too,  
With echoes answer loud.  
In peace and friendship doth she come,  
Rejoicing to approach her home,  
After absence long and far :  
Yet with like calmness would she go  
Exulting to behold the foe,  
And break the line of war.

## REASONS FOR MIRTH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE sun is careering in glory and might  
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudless white ;  
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,  
And the summer breezes go lightly by ;  
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play —  
And why should not I be as merry as they ?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through ;  
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew ;  
The butterfly flits round the flower-tree ;  
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee ;  
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay —  
And why should not I be as merry as they ?

## THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the  
 year,  
 Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows  
 brown and sere.  
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered  
 leaves lie dead ;  
 They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's  
 tread.  
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
 shrubs the jay ;  
 And from the wood top calls the crow, through all  
 the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
 lately sprung and stood,  
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-  
 hood ?  
 Alas ! they all are in their graves — the gentle race  
 of flowers  
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good  
 of ours ;



The rain is falling where they lie — but the cold  
November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones  
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long  
ago ;  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died, amid the  
summer's glow ;  
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the  
wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn  
beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls  
the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from  
upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day — as still  
such days will come —  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter  
home ;  
When the sound of dropping nuts are heard, though  
all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the  
rill ;  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose  
fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the  
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty  
died, —  
The fair meek blossom that grew up, and faded by  
my side :  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest  
cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so  
brief ;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
flowers.

---

## ELEGY BY A SCHOOLBOY.

How blessed was I at Dobson's ball !  
The fiddlers come, my partner chosen !  
My oranges were five in all, —  
Alas, they were not half-a-dozen !

For soon a richer rival came,  
And soon the bargain was concluded ;  
My Peggy took him without shame,  
And left me hopeless and deluded.

To leave me for an orange more !  
Could not your pockets full content ye ?  
What could you do with all that store ?  
He had but six, and five were plenty !

And mine were biggest, I protest,  
For some of his were only penny ones ;  
While mine were all the very best,  
As juicy, large, and sweet as any one's.

Could I have thought, ye beaux and belles,  
An orange would have so undone me !  
Or anything the grocer sells  
Could move my fair one thus to shun me !

All night I sat in fixed disdain,  
While hornpipes numberless were hobbled :  
I watched my mistress and her swain,  
And saw his paltry present gobbled.

But when the country-dance was called,  
I could have cried with pure vexation ;  
For by the arms I saw her hauled,  
And led triumphant to her station.

What other could I think to take ?  
Of all the school she was the tallest ;  
What choice worth making could I make,—  
None left me but the very smallest !

But now all thoughts of her adieu !  
This is no time for such diversion ;  
Mairs' Introduction lies in view,  
And I must write my Latin version.

Yet all who that way are inclined,  
This lesson learn from my undoing —  
*Unless your pockets are well lined,*  
*'T is labour lost to go a-wooing.*

---

## THE EMBARKATION OF CLEOPATRA.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold :  
Purple the sails ; and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were silver ;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes.

SHAKESPEARE.

FLUTES in the sunny air !  
And harps in the porphyry halls !  
And a low, deep hum — like a people's prayer, —  
With its heart-breathed swells and falls !  
And an echo — like the desert's call —  
Flung back to the shouting shores !  
And the river's ripple, heard through all,  
As it plays with the silver oars ! —

The sky is a gleam of gold !  
And the amber breezes float,  
Like thoughts to be dreamed of — but never told —  
Around the dancing boat !

She has stepped on the burning sand ;  
And the thousand tongues are mute !  
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,  
The strings of his gilded lute ;  
And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,  
Beneath his white symar ;  
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,  
Like the flash of an eastern star !  
The gales may not be heard,  
Yet the silken streamers quiver,  
And the vessel shoots — like a bright-plumed bird —  
Away — down the golden river !

Away by the lofty mount !  
And away by the lonely shore !  
And away by the gushing of many a fount,  
Where fountains gush no more ! —  
Oh ! for some warning vision there,  
Some voice that should have spoken  
Of climes to belaid waste and bare,  
And glad young spirits broken !  
Of waters dried away,  
And hope and beauty blasted !  
— That scenes so fair and hearts so gay  
Should be so early wasted !

A dream of other days ! —  
 That land is a desert now !  
 And grief grew up, to dim the blaze  
 Upon that royal brow !  
 The whirlwind's burning wing hath cast  
 Blight on the marble plain,  
 And sorrow — like the simoom — passed  
 O'er Cleopatra's brain !  
 Too like her fervid clime, that bred  
 Its self-consuming fires,  
 Her breast — like Indian widows — fed  
 Its own funeral pyres !  
 — Not such the song *her* minstrels sing —  
 “ Live, beauteous, and for ever ! ”  
 As the vessel darts, with its purple wing,  
 Away — down the golden river !

---

## THE LAUNCH OF THE NAUTILUS.

BY THE REV. E. BARNARD.

Αγκυρας απιλοιο, και εκλυσαι γυναια,  
 Ναυτιλι, και πλωεις πασαν ιφαις οθονη.

LEONIDAS TARANTINUS.

Up with thy thin transparent sail,  
 Thou tiny mariner ! — The gale  
 Comes gently from the land, and brings  
 The odour of all lovely things

That Zephyr, in his wanton play,  
Scatters in Spring's triumphant way ; —  
Of primrose pale, and violet,  
And young anemone, beset  
By thousand spikes of every hue,  
Purple and scarlet, white and blue :  
And every breeze that sweeps the earth  
Brings the sweet sound of love and mirth ;  
The shrilly pipe of things unseen  
That pitter in the meadows green ;  
The linnet's love-sick melody,  
The laverock's carol loud and high ;  
And mellowed, as from distance borne,  
The music of the shepherd's horn.

Up, little Nautilus ! — Thy day  
Of life and joy is come : — away !  
The ocean's flood, that gleams so bright  
Beneath the morning's ruddy light,  
With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er  
The lucid gems that pave the shore ;  
Each billow wears its little spray,  
As maids wear wreaths on holiday ;  
More blithely round the May's young queen,  
Than thou shalt dance o'er yon bright sea  
That wooes thy prow so lovingly.  
Then lift thy sail ! — 'T is shame to rest,  
Here on the sand, thy pearly breast.  
Away ! thou first of mariners : —  
Give to the wind all idle fears ;

Thy freight demands no jealous care, —  
Yet navies might be proud to bear  
The wondrous wealth, the unbought spell,  
That load thy ruby-cinctured shell.  
A heart is there to nature true,  
Which wrath nor envy ever knew, —  
A heart that calls no creature foe,  
And ne'er designed another's woe ; —  
A heart whose joy o'erflows its home,  
Simply because sweet spring is come.  
Up, beauteous Nautilus !— Away !  
The idle muse that chides thy stay  
Shall watch thee long with anxious eye,  
O'er thy bright course delighted fly ;  
And, when black storms defend the main,  
Cry welcome to the sands again !  
Heaven grant that she through life's wild sea  
May sail as innocent as thee ;  
And, homeward turned, like thee may find  
Sure refuge from the wave and wind.



## THE EXILE.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

As memory pictured happier hours, home-sickness  
seized my heart, —  
I never thought of English land but burning tears  
would start ;  
The faces of familiar friends would haunt me in my  
sleep ;  
I clasped their thrilling hands in mine — then woke  
again to weep !

At last my spirit's fevered dreams so wrought upon  
my frame,  
That life itself uncertain seemed as some worn taper's  
flame ;  
Till o'er the wide blue waters borne, from regions  
strange and far,  
I saw dear Albion's bright cliffs gleam beneath the  
morning star !

That radiant sight redeemed the past, and, stirred  
with transport wild,  
I paced the swift bark's bounding deck, light-hearted  
as a child ;

And when among my native fields I wandered in the  
sun,  
I felt as if my morn of life had only just begun.

The shining golden butter-cup — the daisy's silver  
crest —

The living gems of every hue on Nature's verdant  
breast —

The cheerful songs of British birds that rose from  
British trees —

The fragrance from the blossomed hedge that came  
on every breeze ; —

The white cot peeping from the grove, its blue smoke  
in the sky —

The rural group of ruddy boys that gaily loitered  
nigh —

The silent sheep-besprinkled hill — the rivulet-  
watered vale —

The lonely lake, where brightly shone the fisher's  
sun-lit sail ; —

Awhile these seemed illusions brief of beauty and  
delight,

A dear but transitory dream — a mockery of the  
night !

For often in my slumbering hours on India's sultry  
strand,

In visions scarce less palpable I hailed my native  
land.

05

sigh :

shameful as the

as the sun.

bad,

tramp

happy as the sun

lamp,

gh trellised vines

as the sun

um shines :

re

as the sun

it so fair.

as the sun

small feet

id sweet :

o see

as the sun

elight the bee ;

throstle sung

as the sun

ed her young ;

loe-thorn, where

as the sun

ae timorous hare ;

o'er with wild bluebells,

as the sun

, build their balmy cells ;

stream, the shady pool,

as the sun

nap when the day is cool ;

as the sun

est that seems to be

as the sun

the sheltering tree,

as the sun

marvels which my verse

as the sun

o language to rehearse.

as the sun

the town ! for thee, alas !

spreads no flowers nor grass ,

But when upon my wildering doubts reflection  
    flashed the truth,  
Oh ! never in my childhood years, nor in my fervid  
    youth,  
So deep a rapture thrilled my breast, as while I  
    gazed around,  
And recognised the thousand charms that hallow  
    English ground !

---

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY  
CHILD.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

CHILD of the country ! free as air  
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;  
Born, like the lily, where the dew  
Lies odorous when the day is new ;  
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,  
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,  
Lulled in the breast to that glad tune  
Which winds make 'mong the woods in June ;  
I sing of thee ; — 't is sweet to sing  
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town ! for thee I sigh :  
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,  
A carpet is thy daisied sod,  
A narrow street thy boundless road,  
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp  
Of watchmen, thy best light 's a lamp,  
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines  
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines :  
I sing of thee in sadness ; where  
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.

Child of the country ! thy small feet  
Tread on strawberries red and sweet :  
With thee I wander forth to see  
The flowers which most delight the bee ;  
The bush o'er which the throstle sung  
In April while she nursed her young ;  
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where  
She bred her twins the timorous hare ;  
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild bluebells,  
Where brown bees build their balmy cells ;  
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,  
Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;  
The shilfa's nest that seems to be  
A portion of the sheltering tree,  
And other marvels which my verse  
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town ! for thee, alas !  
Glad Nature spreads no flowers nor grass ,

Birds build no nests, nor in the sun  
 Glad streams come singing as they run :  
 A Maypole is thy blossomed tree,  
 A beetle is thy murmuring bee ;  
 Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where  
 Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare ;  
 Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound  
 Hawked clamorous all the city round ;  
 No roses, twinborn on the stalk,  
 Perfume thee in thy evening walk ;  
 No voice of birds — but to thee comes  
 The mingled din of cars and drums,  
 And startling cries, such as are rife  
 When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country ! on the lawn  
 I see thee like the bounding fawn,  
 Blithe as the bird which tries its wing  
 The first time on the winds of spring ;  
 Bright as the sun when from the cloud  
 He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;  
 Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,  
 Now groping trouts in lucid streams,  
 Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,  
 Now hunting echo's empty sound,  
 Now climbing up some old tall tree  
 For climbing sake. 'T is sweet to thee,  
 To sit where birds can sit alone,  
 Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,  
 What woes and snares await thy feet !  
 Thy paths are paved for five long miles,  
 Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles ;  
 Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,  
 Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak ;  
 And thou art cabined and confined  
 At once from sun, and dew, and wind ;  
 Or set thy tottering feet but on  
 Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone ;  
 The coachman there careering reels  
 With goaded steeds and maddening wheels ;  
 While, flushed with wine, and stung at play,  
 Men rush from darkness into day.  
 The stream's too strong for thy small bark ;  
 Where nought can sail, save what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child ! for health  
 Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.  
 There is a lesson in each flower,  
 A story in each stream and bower ;  
 On every herb on which you tread  
 Are written words which, rightly read,  
 Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod  
 To hope, and holiness, and God.

## STANZAS.

COME closer yet, my little one,  
Closer, come closer unto me ;  
This is a day for happiness,  
Thy father's come from sea.

For twelve long months, my little one,  
Our lot has been a lonely lot ;  
But anxious night and weary day  
Are passed — so be they all forgot.

E'en now the ship rides in the bay  
That bore thy father o'er the sea ;  
Come closer yet, my little one ;  
Come closer unto me ;

And clasp thy little hands in mine ;  
And lift to heaven thy earnest eyes ;  
And, for the joy we feel to-day,  
We'll bless our Father in the skies.

This spot has witnessed oft our tears,  
And prayers for him, so far away,  
'T is fit that it should witness too  
Our gratitude to-day.

Come closer yet, my little one,  
Closer, come closer unto me,  
My heart o'erflows with holy joy,  
Thy father's come from sea !





PEASANTS OF PROCUA.



## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE stately homes of England,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
 O'er all the pleasant land !  
 The deer across their greensward bound  
 Through shade and sunny gleam,  
 And the swan glides past them with the sound  
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !  
 Around their hearths by night,  
 What gladsome looks of household love  
 Meet in the ruddy light !  
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
 Or childhood's tale is told,  
 Or lips move tunefully along  
 Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England !  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They 're smiling o'er the silvery brook,  
 And round the hamlet-fanes :  
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves ;  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep  
 As birds beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !  
Long, long, in hut and hall  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall !  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God.

---

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AVE MARIA ! maiden mild !  
Listen to a maiden's prayer ;  
Thou canst hear, though from the wild ;  
Thou canst save, amid despair.  
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
Though banished, outcast, and reviled ;  
Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;  
Mother ! hear a suppliant child.  
*Ave Maria !*

AVE MARIA ! undefiled !  
The flinty couch we now must share  
Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air  
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled ;  
Then maiden, hear a maiden's prayer ;  
Mother ! list a suppliant child.

*Ave Maria !*

AVE MARIA ! stainless styled !  
Foul demons of the earth and air,  
From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to thy doom of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled ;  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
And for a father hear a child !

*Ave Maria !*

---

## THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
Thou callest its children a happy band ;  
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ? —  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ? —  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows ?  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-  
boughs ? "

— " Not there, not there, my child ! "

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ? —  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ? ”

—“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ? —  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand —  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ? ”

—“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —  
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

## MAY DAY.

FROM A PAINTING BY LESLIE.

BY MISS LONDON.

BEAUTIFUL and radiant May,  
 Is not this thy festal day ?  
 Is not this spring revelry  
 Held in honour, Queen, of thee ?  
 'Tis a Fair ; the booths are gay  
 With green boughs and quaint display ;  
 Glasses, where the maiden's eye  
 May her own sweet face espy ;  
 Ribands for her braided hair ;  
 Beads to grace her bosom fair ;  
 From yon stand the juggler plays  
 With the rustic crowd's amaze ;  
 There the morris-dancers stand,  
 Glad bells ringing on each hand ;  
 Here the maypole rears its crest,  
 With the rose and hawthorn drest ;  
 And beside are painted bands  
 Of strange beasts from other lands.  
 In the midst, like the young Queen,  
 Flower crowned, of the rural green,  
 Is a bright-cheeked girl, her eye  
 Blue, like April's morning sky,  
 With a blush, like that the rose  
 To her moonlight minstrel shows ;

Laughing at her love the while, —  
Yet such softness in the smile,  
As the sweet coquette would hide  
Woman's love by woman's pride.  
Farewell, cities ! who could bear  
All your smoke and all your care,  
All your pomp, when wooed away  
By the azure hours of May ?  
Give me woodbine, scented bowers,  
Blue wreaths of the violet flowers,  
Clear sky, fresh air, sweet birds, and trees,  
Sights and sounds, and scenes like these !

---

## SONG OF THE WILD BUSHMAN.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

LET the proud white man boast his flocks,  
And fields of foodfull grain ;  
My home is 'mid the mountain rocks,  
The desert my domain.

I plant no herbs nor pleasant fruits,  
I toil not for my cheer ;  
The desert yields me juicy roots,  
And herds of bounding deer.



The countless springboks are my flock,  
Spread o'er the unbounded plain ;  
The buffalo bendeth to my yoke,  
The wild horse to my rein.

My yoke is the quivering assagai,  
My rein is the tough bow-string ;  
My bridle curb is a slender barb —  
Yet it quells the forest king.

The crested adder honoureth me,  
And yields at my command  
His poison bag like the honey bee,  
When I seize him on the sand.

Yea, e'en the wasting locusts' swarm,  
Which mighty nations dread,  
To me nor terror brings nor harm —  
For I make of them my bread.

Thus I am lord of the desert land,  
And I will not leave my bounds,  
To crouch beneath the Christian's hand  
And kennel with his hounds.

## THE SLAVE SHIP.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

The event on which the following poem is founded occurred on board the French vessel *Rodeur*. A dreadful ophthalmia prevailed among the slaves, which, communicating itself to the crew, left but a single man who could see to guide the ship into port.

OLD, sightless man, unwont art thou,  
 As blind men use, at noon  
 To sit and sun thy tranquil brow,  
 And hear the bird's sweet tune.

There's something heavy at thy heart,  
 Thou dost not join the prayer;  
 E'en at God's word thou'lt writhe and start.  
 "Oh! man of God, beware!

"If thou didst hear what I could say,  
 'Twould make thee doubt of grace,  
 And drive me from God's house away,  
 Lest I infect the place."

"Say on; there's nought of human sin  
 Christ's blood may not atone;"

"Thou canst not read what load's within  
 This desperate heart." — "Say on."

“ The skies were bright, the seas were calm,  
We ran before the wind,  
That, bending Afric's groves of palm,  
Came fragrant from behind ;

“ And merry sang our crew, the cup  
Was gaily drawn and quaffed,  
And when the hollow groan came up  
From the dark hold, we laughed.

“ For deep below, and all secure,  
Our living freight was laid,  
And long with ample gain, and sure,  
We had driven our awful trade.

“ They lay, like bales, in stifling gloom,  
Man, woman, nursling child,  
As in some plague-struck city's tomb  
The loathsome dead are piled.

“ At one short gust of that close air  
The sickening cheek grew pale ;  
We turned away — 't was all our care,  
Heaven's sweet breath to inhale.

“ 'Mid howl, and yell, and shuddering moan  
The scourge, the clanking chain,  
The cards were dealt, the dice were thrown  
We staked our share of gain.

“ Soon in smooth Martinico’s coves  
Our welcome bark shall moor,  
Or underneath the citron-groves  
That wave on Cuba’s shore.

“ ’T was strange, ere many days were gone,  
How still grew all below,  
The wailing babe was heard alone,  
Or some low sob of woe.

“ Into the dusky hold we gazed,  
In heaps we saw them lie,  
And dim unmeaning looks were raised  
From many a blood-red eye.

“ And helpless hands were groping round  
To catch their scanty meal ;  
Or at some voice’s well-known sound,  
Some well-known touch to feel.

“ And still it spread, the blinding plague  
That seals the orbs of sight ;  
The eyes were rolling, wild and vague ;  
Within was black as night.

“ They dared not move, they could not weep,  
They could but die and moan ;  
Some, not in mercy, to the deep,  
Like damaged wares were thrown.

“ We cursed the dire disease that spread,  
And crossed our golden dream ;  
Those godless men did quake with dread,  
To hear us thus blaspheme.

“ And so we drank, and drank the more,  
And each man pledged his mate ;  
Here's better luck from Gambia's shore,  
When next we load our freight.

“ Another morn, but one — the bark  
Lurched heavy on her way —  
The steersman shrieked, ‘ Hell 's not so dark  
As this dull murky day.’

“ We looked and red through films of blood  
Glared forth his angry eye ;  
Another, as he manned the shroud,  
Came toppling from on high.

“ Then each alone his hammock made,  
As the wild beast his lair,  
Nor friend his nearest friend would aid,  
In dread his doom to share.

“ Yet every eve some eyes did close,  
Upon the sunset bright,  
And when the glorious morn arose,  
It bore to them no light.

“ Till I, the only man, the last  
Of that dark brotherhood,  
To guide the helm, to rig the mast,  
To tend the daily food.

“ I felt it film, I felt it grow,  
The dim and misty scale,  
I could not see the compass now  
I could not see the sail.

“ The sea was all a wavering fog,  
The sun a hazy lamp,  
As on some pestilential bog,  
The wandering wild-fire damp.

“ And there we lay, and on we drove,  
Heaved up, and pitching down ;  
Oh ! cruel grace of Him above,  
That would not let us drown.

“ And some began to pray for fear,  
And some began to swear ;  
Methought it was most dread to hear  
Upon such lips the prayer.

“ And some would fondly speak of home,  
The wife's, the infant's kiss ;  
Great God ! that parents e'er should come  
On such a trade as this !

‘ And some I heard plunge down beneath,  
And drown — that could not I :  
Oh ! how my spirit yearned for death,  
Yet how I feared to die.

“ We heard the wild and frantic shriek  
Of starving men below,  
We heard them strive their bonds to break,  
And burst the hatches now.

“ We thought we heard them on the stair,  
And trampling on the deck,  
I almost felt their blind despair,  
Wild grappling at my neck.

“ Again I woke, and yet again,  
With throat as dry as dust,  
And famine in my heart and brain,  
And, — speak it out I must, —

“ A lawless, execrable thought,  
That scarce could be withstood,  
Before my loathing fancy brought  
Unutterable food.

“ No more, — my brain can bear no more, —  
Nor more my tongue can tell ;  
I know I breathed no air, but bore  
A sickening grave-like smell.

“ And all, save I alone, could die —  
Thus on death’s verge and brink  
All thoughtless, feelingless, could lie —  
I still must feel and think.

“ At length, when ages had passed o’er  
Ages, it seemed of night,  
There came a shock, and then a roar  
Of billows in their mght.

“ I know not how, when next I woke,  
The cold waves wrapped me round,  
And in my loaded ears there broke  
A dizzy, bubbling sound.

“ Again I woke, and living men  
Stood round — a Christian crew ;  
The first, the last, of joy was then,  
That since those days I knew.

“ I’ve been, I know, since that black tide,  
Where raving madmen lay,  
Above, beneath, on ev’ry side,  
And I as mad as they.

“ And I shall be where never dies  
The worm, nor slakes the flame,  
When those two hundred souls shall rise,  
The Judge’s wrath to claim.



“ I’d rather rave in that wild room,  
Than see what I have seen ;  
I’d rather meet my final doom,  
Than be — where I have been.

“ Priest, I’ve not seen thy loathing face,  
I’ve heard thy gasps of fear ; —  
Away — no word of hope or grace —  
I may not — will not hear ! ”

---

## THOSE EVENING BELLS.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !  
How many a tale their music tells  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are past away !  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells !

And so’t will be when I am gone ;  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

## THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE king was on his throne,  
 The satraps thronged the hall ;  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival.  
 A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Judah deemed divine —  
 Jehovah's vessels hold  
 The godless heathen's wine !

In that same hour and hall,  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand !  
 The fingers of a man ; —  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
 And bade no more rejoice ;  
 All bloodless waxed his look,  
 And tremulous his voice.  
 " Let the men of lore appear,  
 The wisest of the earth,  
 And expound the words of fear  
 Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill ;  
And the unknown letters stood,  
Untold and awful still :  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore ;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land —  
A stranger and a youth —  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw the writing's truth.  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view ;  
He read it on that night, —  
The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away,  
He, in the balance weighed,  
Is light as worthless clay.  
The shroud, his robe of state —  
His canopy, the stone ;  
The Mede is at his gate !  
The Persian on his throne ! ”

## STANZAS.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Lo ! the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield !  
Hark to Nature's lessons given  
By the blessed birds of heaven !  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy :  
" Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow ;  
God provideth for the morrow !

" Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose ?  
Say have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we poor citizens of air ?  
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily.  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow ;  
God provideth for the morrow.

" One there lives, whose guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny ;  
One there lives who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers lest they fall :  
Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow !  
God provideth for the morrow. "

## MODERN GREECE.

BY LORD BYRON.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress  
 (Before decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),  
 And marked the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that 's there,  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And — but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,  
 Where cold obstruction's apathy  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;  
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;  
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
 The first, last look by death revealed !

Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
'That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of feeling past away !  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !  
Whose land from plain to mountain cave  
Was freedom's home or glory's grave !  
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee ?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
Oh servile offspring of the free —  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own ;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires ;  
And he who in the strife expires

Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame :  
For freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age !  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom,  
Have swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land !  
There points thy muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die !  
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,  
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;  
Enough, — no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
Yes ! self-abasement paved the way  
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A MOTHER'S Love — how sweet the name !

What is a Mother's Love ?

— A noble, pure, and tender flame,

Enkindled from above,

To bless a heart of earthly mould ;

The warmest love that can grow cold ;

— This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light ;

Then, while it lies forlorn,

To gaze upon that dearest sight,

And feel herself new-born ;

In its existence lose her own,

And live and breathe in it alone ;

— This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear ;

To cherish on her breast,

Feed it from Love's own fountain there,

And lull it there to rest ;

Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath

As if to guard from instant death ;

— This is a Mother's Love.



To mark its growth from day to day,  
Its opening charms admire,  
Catch from its eye the earliest ray  
Of intellectual fire ;  
To smile and listen while it talks,  
And lend a finger when it walks ;  
— This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold ?  
Can she forget her boy ?  
His pleading innocence behold,  
Nor weep for grief—for joy ?  
A Mother may forget her child,  
While wolves devour it on the wild ;  
— Is THIS a Mother's Love ?

Ten thousand voices answer “ No ! ”  
Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;  
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;  
Yet ah ! remember this ;—  
The infant, reared alone for earth,  
May live, may die,— to curse his birth ;  
— Is THIS a Mother's Love !

A parent's heart may prove a snare ;  
The child she loves so well,  
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,  
Down the smooth road to hell ;  
Nourish its frame,— destroy its mind ;  
Thus, lo the blind mislead the blind,  
E'en with a Mother's Love ?

Blest infant ! whom his mother taught  
Early to seek the Lord,  
And poured upon his dawning thought  
The day-spring of the word ;  
This was the lesson to her son,  
— Time is Eternity begun :  
Behold that Mother's Love.\*

Blest Mother ! who, in wisdom's path,  
By her own parent trod,  
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,  
And know the fear of God :  
Ah ! youth, like him enjoy your prime,  
Begin eternity in time,  
Taught by that Mother's Love.

THAT Mother's Love ! — how sweet the name  
What was that Mother's Love ?  
— The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,  
That kindles from above  
Within a heart of earthly mould  
As much of heaven as heart can hold, }  
Nor through eternity grows cold ;  
— THIS was that Mother's Love.

\* 1 Tim. i. 5., and iii. 14, 15.

## THE VICTORY.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HARK,—how the church-bells with redoubling peals  
 Stun the glad ear ! Tidings of joy have come,  
 Good tidings of great joy ! two gallant ships  
 Met on the element—they met, they fought  
 A desperate fight !—good tidings of great joy !  
 Old England triumphed ! yet another day  
 Of glory for the ruler of the waves !  
 For those who fell, 't was in their country's cause,  
 They have their passing paragraphs of praise,  
 And are forgotten.

There was one who died  
 In that day's glory, whose obscurer name  
 No proud historian's page will chronicle.  
 Peace to his honest soul ! I read his name —  
 'T was in the list of slaughter — and thanked God  
 The sound was not familiar to mine ear.  
 But it was told me after, that this man  
 Was one whom lawful violence had forced  
 From his own home and wife and little ones,  
 Who by his labour lived ; that he was one  
 Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel  
 A husband's love, a father's anxiousness ;  
 That from the wages of his toil he fed

The distant dear ones, and would talk of them  
At midnight when he trod the silent deck  
With him he valued,—talk of them, of joys  
Which he had known,—oh God ! and of the hour  
When they should meet again, till his full heart,  
His manly heart, at times would overflow,  
Even like a child's, with very tenderness.  
Peace to his honest spirit ! suddenly  
It came, and merciful the ball of death,  
That it came suddenly and shattered him,  
Nor left a moment's agonising thought  
On those he loved so well.

He ocean deep

Now lies at rest. Be thou her comforter,  
Who art the widow's friend ! Man does not know  
What a cold sickness made her blood run back  
When first she heard the tidings of the fight !  
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope  
She listened to the names of those who died ;  
Man does not know, or knowing will not heed,  
With what an agony of tenderness  
She gazed upon her children, and beheld  
His image who was gone. O God ! be thou,  
Who art the widow's friend, her comforter !





E. C. Lewis, del.

W. Greisdorf, sculp.


# NORMAN PILGRIMS.

## NORMAN PILGRIMS.

## THE CROSS.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

OVER many a mountain steep ;  
Many a river still and deep ;  
Many a plain whose meadows lie  
Bright beneath the summer sky ;  
Through the gloom by forests made ;  
And the tangled valley's shade,  
Chequered by the glancing sun,  
Hath the Pilgrim's way been won.  
Yet the plain's prolonged extent,  
And the mountain's rude ascent,  
River's width, and valley's length,  
Little waste their steadfast strength ;  
While the holy symbol bright  
Glistens frequent in their sight ;  
And that pledge of gifts untold,  
Like the pillared flame of old,  
Wheresoe'er beneath their tread,  
Wilds more desolate are spread,  
With its renovating power  
Shines to cheer the toilsome hour.



Traced through many a varied scene  
Thus our earthly course hath been ;  
And perchance ere life shall set  
Many a toil may wait us yet ;  
But, if graved with deathless lines  
In our heart that symbol shines,  
Which to aid and comfort nigh,  
Thus but meets the outward eye ;  
All that cheers our travel here —  
All of anguish—trouble—fear—  
Doubt—and discontent and pain  
Shall beset our path in vain.  
Lighted by its far shed gleam  
Life one reign of hope shall seem,  
Earth a scene by beauty drest—  
Heaven a glorious home of rest ;—  
Gladness as the morning light  
Shall be on each rugged height ;  
In the darkest valley's shade  
Peace shall meet us undismayed,  
And each track the desert shows  
Bloom with promise as the rose.



## MUSIC.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?  
DRYDEN.

MYSTERIOUS keeper of the key  
 That opes the gates of memory :  
 Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,  
 We live o'er years of bliss again !

The sun bright hopes of early youth ;  
 Love — in its first deep hour of truth ;  
 And dreams of life's delightful morn —  
 Are on thy seraph pinions borne.

To the enthusiast's heart thy tone  
 Breathes of the lost and lovely one ;  
 And calls back moments brief as dear,  
 When last 't was wafted on his ear.

The exile listens to the song  
 Once heard his native bowers among ;  
 And straightway on his visions rise,  
 Home's sunny slopes, and cloudless skies.

The warrior from the strife retired,  
 By Music's stirring strains inspired,  
 Turns him to deeds of glory done,  
 To dangers 'scaped — and laurels won.

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,  
Spell of the dreams of vanished years !  
Mysterious keeper of the key  
That opes the gates of memory !

'T is thine to bid sad hearts be gay,  
Yet chase the smiles of mirth away ;  
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,  
Yet make the mourner cease to weep !

To gloom or sadness thou canst suit  
The chords of thy delicious lute :  
For every heart thou hast a tone  
Can make its pulses all thine own !

---

## TO AN OLD OAK.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

*Immota manet ; multosque nepotes,  
Multa virum volvens durando sæcula, vincit.*  
VIRGIL.

ROUND thee, alas, no shadows move !  
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !  
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,  
Once did the eagle scream above,  
And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,  
His sable plumage tempest-tossed ;  
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,  
From towers long-fled by human kind,  
His brow the hero crossed !

Then culture came, and days serene ;  
And village sports, and garlands gay :  
Full many a pathway crossed the green ;  
And maids and shepherd youths were seen  
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,  
Whence many a navy thunder-fraught !  
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,  
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,  
Opening new spheres of thought !

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,  
The holy Druid saw thee rise ;  
And, planting there the guardian-spell,  
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell  
Of human sacrifice !

Thy singed top and branches bare  
Now struggle in the evening sky ;  
And the wan moon wheels round to glare  
On the long corse that shivers there  
Of him who came to die !

VERSES TO THE MISSES L——.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ADIEU, Romance's heroines !

Give me the nymphs, who this good hour  
May charm me, not in Fiction's scenes,

But teach me Beauty's living power ; —  
My harp, that has been mute too long,

Shall sleep at Beauty's name no more,  
So but your smiles reward my song,

JEMIMA, ROSE, and ELEANORE, —

In whose benignant eyes are beaming

The rays of purity and truth,

Such as we fancy woman's seeming

In the creation's golden youth :

The more I look upon thy grace,

ROSINA, I could look the more,

But for JEMIMA's witching face,

And the sweet voice of ELEANORE !

Had I been LAWRENCE, kings had wanted

Their portraits, till I'd painted yours ;

And these had future hearts enchanted,

When this poor verse no more endures :

I would have left the congress faces,

A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,

Till I had grouped you as the graces —

JEMIMA, ROSE, and ELEANORE !

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him ;  
Your poet's heart is catholic too —  
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,  
His saint-days when he visits you :  
And my sere laurels for my duty,  
Miraculous at your touch would rise,  
Could I give verse one trait of beauty,  
Like that which glads me from your eyes !

Unsealed by you, these lips have spoken,  
Disused to song for many a day ;  
Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,  
And warmed a heart of callous clay !  
So, when my fancy next refuses  
To twine for you a garland more,  
Come back again and be my Muses,  
JEMIMA, ROSE, and ELEANORE !

---

## THE SWALLOW.

BY THE REV. E. W. BARNARD.

THE visitress of man, on earth  
She resteth not her flagging wing,  
But seeks at once the blessed roof  
To which in youth she loved to cling.

She feedeth not on earthly food,  
But, glancing through the sunny sky,  
Seems from the very element  
To gather immortality !

For who hath ever found her grave,  
Or seen her virgin form decay ?  
When wintry death is prowling round,  
Where lives she then ? Aloft,—away !

Her flight is won : but hath she left  
Nought but her clay-built nest behind ?  
No treasure to reward her host,  
No moral to refresh his mind ?

Yes : she hath shown him constant love,  
Contentment with her simple lot ;  
And scorn of earth, o'er which *his* soul  
Passeth—like her—but tarrieth not !

THE END.

LONDON :  
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,  
New-Street-Square.













